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THE ROYAL WEDDING: THE QUEEN SHAKING HANDS WITH THE DUKE OF FIFE AFTER THE CEREMONY.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

There has been nothing in the newspapers of late more eagerly scanned by the fair sex than the list of marriage presents given to the Royal bride and her husband. One is glad to find that the husband has not been "out of it," and even has had things given him which suggest that he will still to some extent be his own master. Had he been of the middle class it is doubtful whether he would have been permitted to retain that "silver cigarette-case for the table" for his own use. I know of a bridegroom who received a similar gift; but it was almost at once appropriated by the lady, fitted up as a workbox, and only heard of in relation to the person for whom it was intended as "the husband's sacrifice." Another advantage possessed by the bride of (comparatively) low degree is, that if she gets gifts in duplicate—ten silver tea-services, for example—she can dispose of some of them, which I suppose a Princess can hardly do. It would be impossible for her to ask the silversmith, like the lady in the ballad, to "take back the gift," and change it for something else, or (far, far nicer) give her an equivalent in cash. Everything must go into the family plate-chest and stop there—property portable, indeed, but not negotiable.

It is only very seldom that a marriage present can be made to do duty twice over, like a Christmas or New-Year's card; but one has heard of an example of it. There were once two friends who quarrelled, it is whispered, about a literary matter—but that one is slow to believe. A, however, swore by his gods that he would never speak to B again—never, never, never. B, who was a good-natured fellow, and really little to blame in the matter, was distressed at A's conduct, and wrote him a letter, entreating him not to make such a fool of himself, and full of amity and conciliation. The next day came to his chambers a pretty present from A, which touched B very much. He wrote a second letter in acknowledgment of it, more affectionate even than the last, with charming adaptations from Tennyson: "I knew you of what force you were to hold the costliest love in fee," and so on, telling him in short—only *not* in short but in the most beautiful language—that he had been convinced all along that A could not have been such an idiot as to quarrel with an old friend about nothing at all, and how they would now love each other more than ever. He took A's present home to his wife that evening, and expatiated to her, while she was taking off its brown-paper cover, upon his friend's noble nature: "Nothing, you see, could content it, but, feeling himself in the wrong, to make this charming amends—What is the matter?" "Well, it isn't a present from A at all," she answered. "It is the present we sent to A upon his marriage, which he has returned in dudgeon." Whether that marriage present has been used again I do not know; but it is obviously at liberty to do duty a second time.

Never, I suppose, was a gift more repented of than the present made by the famous Duchess of Kingston to Count Chermicheff. After her trial and conviction her Grace was very desirous of being "whitewashed," as far as was possible, by the patronage of some crowned head, and the Court of Russia was the most accessible for that purpose. The great nobles of St. Petersburg were not at that time (a hundred years ago, you know) disinclined to receive little *cadeaux* in return for giving the donors social introductions to their Sovereign. The Duchess, who was stingy, and absolutely ignorant of pictures or their value, thought it would save her pocket to send two examples of her gallery to the Count, who was a great favourite with the Czar, instead of money. The pictures selected were originals by Raphael and Claude Lorraine, and, as she discovered too late, worth at least £10,000. She told the Count, with tears in her beautiful eyes, that there had been a little mistake; that she had other pictures which she would deem it an honour if he would accept, but that those two particular ones were the favourites of her departed lord, and she felt assured that the Count would only keep them till her own mansion in St. Petersburg was prepared for her reception. These two pictures, however, remained in the Count's palace, and are to be seen there even to this day.

It is a peculiarity of our countrymen, when they recognise a genius among them and take great delight in him, to put him to death about twice a year: this happened, of course, to Dickens, who has humorously pointed out how the tidings of his fatal illnesses used to come over the Rocky Mountains pretty punctually, and find him in the spring and autumn at Gad's Hill in his usual health and spirits; and the same thing is now being done, by rumour and the newspapers, for Robert Louis Stevenson. "It is terrible," say the paragraphs, "to learn that we are likely to lose this young and promising genius before he has reached his meridian." Stripped of this scientific environment, the reports of the health of this favourite of the public have, indeed, been very lugubrious. There is a certain large minority of mankind who always prefer bad news (of somebody else) to good news, and I have the pleasure to disappoint them in this matter; through "information received" by the last Honolulu mail from Mr. Stevenson himself, I learn that he is in excellent health. A strong man, I fear, he will never be; but for years he has not felt so well, he tells me, as at present. His life of locomotion and adventure evidently suits him, and of late he has had a remarkable experience. "My health," he says, "is astonishingly reinstated. . . . I am fresh just now from the saddest sojourn in this beautiful earth; a month at the leper settlement of Molokaia, playing croquet with seven leper girls, sitting and yarning with old blind leper beach-combers in the hospital, sickened with the spectacle of suffering and deformation among the patients, touched to the heart by the sight of lovely and effective virtues in their keepers; no stranger time have I ever had, nor any so moving." He is off

in his schooner to Sydney eventually, but touching at "many a summer Isle of Eden lying in dark purple spheres of sea" in the meantime. What a tale he will have to tell us of his wanderings, and how great will be the expectation of them in those who have read his "Silverado Squatters," a book charming indeed, but made of much more slender materials than this one needs must be!

There is a good deal of inhumanity and want of pity in our attitude towards those of our fellow-creatures who commit suicide. However impatient of their misery they may have been, or however they may have exaggerated it, it must seem to them, indeed, intolerable, since they leave light and life to escape it. The assertion that it is cowardly to plunge voluntarily into the dark void of Death is common enough; but (except so far as the action affects those we leave behind us) this is clearly false, since even to risk death, we admit, requires a good deal of courage. What arouses a more justifiable contempt for those who cut short their own existence is where, as often happens, there is an obvious inadequacy of motive. In the recent double suicide at Oldbury, for example, two young people, just of age, drown themselves together "for love"—that is to say, because their marriage is objected to. But, since they were so set upon it, why didn't they marry? It is surely better—whatever objections may be offered by one's relatives—to marry than to drown. They might have even married first, and, supposing that state of bliss fell short of expectation, have sought their watery grave together afterwards. With that last remedy always in their power, it seems unreasonable indeed that they should have resorted to it in the first instance. It is not likely that they were both mad: it is probable that one was mad, but of strong will, and the other extremely foolish; and this is the case, I think, with all the unhappy pairs who, for the same reason, die "clasped in one another's arms, and silent in a last embrace."

A far more pathetic suicide is that at Rockford, where an old couple, having long passed their golden wedding, so dreaded the separation death must bring that they made it impossible by dying together. They settled their worldly affairs in a just and proper manner, and then, instead of toddling down the hill of life together, with the certainty of one arriving at the foot of it before the other, they walked arm-in-arm into the river. There is, of course, no more moral or religious justification for the act than for any other of the same kind; but for reasonableness, absence of hurtfulness to others, and a tried affection compared with which the passion of young couples is mere hysterics, the incident is probably unparalleled. They left a written statement behind them that their sole reason for taking so grave a step was "an overpowering desire to die, as they had lived, together."

If Mr. Sims Reeves's autobiography had appeared a few months earlier, his account of Macready's preparation for the stage would have formed a weighty contribution to the late controversy upon the question, "Do actors feel what they delineate?" The great tragedian certainly seems to have required some artificial stimulant to his emotion. When the piece demanded his coming on the boards in a rage, it was the duty of two unfortunate "supers" to make faces at him, tread on his toes, and provoke him to a state of exasperation. It was a dangerous task, for Macready had a frightful temper to begin with. "More," he would growl, as he stood at the wing preparing to make a terrific entry—"more, you beasts!" and then when they gave him more he would knock them down, and go on the stage in a fine frenzy. This is realism with a vengeance, and is exactly paralleled by Fuseli taking pork chops for supper when he wished to paint a particularly melodramatic picture the next morning. It probably "takes less out" of an actor to be furious with a stage carpenter than to imagine himself in a fury with a stage king, though I am bound to say that the British workman is capable of driving the most unemotional householder to very considerable lengths in the way of indignation.

Supposing that the Church Congress does not succeed in putting down gambling, with which, I read, it designs to grapple, there is still hope for us in this matter in the last news from China. The Celestials, of course, are the greatest gamblers in the universe, but they have of late discovered that, just as dirt is but matter in the wrong place, so the vice of gaming has but to be transferred to a particular field to become a virtue, and a great national advantage. The enthusiasm of Chinese gamblers is now chiefly directed to Government examinations, and the catalogue of candidates is examined and backed like the list of the running horses at Ascot or Epsom. It is true that the favourites are sometimes "hocussed," or even bribed to do badly, but on the whole we are assured that this speculative tendency "acts as a powerful incentive to the pursuit of learning." Now if we can only do away with "the Turf" in this country, and substitute for it, as a subject of engrossing interest, the examinations at Burlington House, we may bet as much as we like (just as we buy at a charitable bazaar), with the consciousness that while indulging our love of speculation we are benefiting the community. To have all the sporting papers (including the *Pink 'un*) turned into journals of education would surely be a great gain, and to find his own Dick, Tom, or Harry quoted as first favourite for "the Indian Civil," instead of Catamaran for the Leger, would be very gratifying to paterfamilias.

I am always, I hope, on the side of order, and have no sort of sympathy with any gentleman who gives another, as in a recent case, a black eye as he lies defenceless and asleep in his bed. The culprit has got seven days' "hard" for it, however; and, considering the circumstances, I think it rather *too* hard. For, though defenceless, no one could say that his victim was inoffensive: he was what in horses is called "a roarer"—and much worse than a roarer, because horses do not roar in their sleep—an habitual snorer. Both gentlemen slept—or,

rather, one of them slept and the other was prevented from sleeping—in the same ward of a workhouse. Privacy was, therefore, unattainable; since one snored, the other had to listen to him; and I cannot think that the magistrate who adjudicated on the case can have pictured to himself the temptation of putting a stop to that business somehow. There are few such anxious moments as those we spend in trying to get to sleep before a bedfellow—or a person within snoring distance—who snores. A month ago I read an impassioned appeal in a medical journal from a country practitioner for some scientific remedy for a lady patient who indulged in this habit to such an extent that not only was her lord and master exiled from his nuptial couch, but the whole household was deprived of sleep. They could not "face the music." One reads of the unhappiness that befalls a husband when he discovers that his consort is given to drink, but not a word is written about the poor man who finds he has married a lady who snores, though snoring is as incurable a malady as drunkenness, and, moreover, gives its victim no satisfaction. A person who sings, however much he (or she) may annoy his fellow-creatures, at least pleases himself, but the snorer is unconscious of his own accomplishment. One is surely justified in giving such a tormentor *something* to stop him—but, it seems, it must not be a black eye.

That eminent parachutist Professor Baldwin announces his intention of retiring from business in the upper air. Most of us talk of "raising the wind" when we mean financial realisation, but the wind has raised *him*. The usual question asked of capitalists, "Where did your money come from?" has probably never received so strange a reply as in his case, for he might answer, literally enough, "Dropped from the clouds." What I admire in him, next to his pluck, is his sagacity. Nine men out of ten in his position, after having made ninety-eight safe descents and a fortune, would say: "After two more experiments—when I shall have completed my hundredth—I will retire." The professor is wise enough to retire at once, without regard to the symmetry of his performances. It is very difficult to hit upon the golden mean in these matters. If I had been in the professor's place, I should have retired much earlier, probably when the balloon that was to carry me heavenward was inflating for the first time; but though that might have been mean (and would certainly have been called so), it would not have been golden.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

The cantonal elections in France have resulted in a severe check to the pretensions of General Boulanger. Out of more than 1400 seats which were to be filled on Sunday, the "plebiscitary candidate" was successful in twelve only; although his name was put forward, in a more or less authorised way, in a great number of constituencies. The second and last summonses to General Boulanger and his two principal friends to appear before the High Court of Justice were left at their houses in Paris on July 27. To these documents was appended a declaration that a refusal to obey would involve the forfeiture of civil rights and the confiscation of their property.—Lord and Lady Lytton entertained the King of the Hellenes at luncheon on July 25. Among the guests were the Minister for Foreign Affairs, the Austrian Ambassador, the Greek and Danish Ministers, Comte d'Ormesson, General Meredith Read, M. Ernest Carnot, Colonel the Hon. R. Talbot, Sir Cecil and Lady Domville, and the staff of the Embassy.—The new galleries of the Natural History Museum at the Jardin des Plantes were opened on July 25 by M. Fallières, Minister of Education.—General Charles de Montauban, Comte de Palikao, son of the general who commanded in China in 1860, died on July 24 at Allevard, at the age of fifty-nine. He served with distinction in China and Mexico.—The Shah arrived at Paris on July 30, and was received at the railway station by President Carnot, who was accompanied by several of his Ministers. On driving to the residence prepared for him near the Champs Elysées, his Majesty was well received by the immense crowds who lined the streets.

The German Emperor, who arrived on July 27 at Wilhelmshaven from his Norwegian trip, dined with the officers of the garrison at the Club-House in the afternoon. His Majesty attended the church service on Sunday morning, the 28th, and afterwards received Herr Von Bennigsen, the Civil Governor of the Province of Hanover. The Empress proceeded to Wilhelmshaven on the 28th, in order to welcome the Emperor on his return to Germany.—Kaiser Wilhelm's suite, on his journey to England, consists of Count Von Bismarck (Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs), Councillor of Legation Raschdau, Lieutenant-General Von Hahnke (Chief of the Military Cabinet), the Chief Court Marshal, Herr Von Liebenau, Major-General Von Wittich (Aide-de-Camp General of his Majesty), Herr Von Lucanus (Chief of the Civil Cabinet), Captain Baron Von Senden-Bibau, I.N., Surgeon-General Dr. Leuthold, Aides-de-Camp Majors Von Bilow, Von Kessel, Von Zitzewitz, Von Pfuel, Herr Salzmann (the naval painter who accompanies his Majesty on his sea journeys), and a number of subordinate officials.

The Duke of Edinburgh arrived at Peterhof on July 26, and was met by the Duchess, some other members of the Imperial family, and Mr. Audley Gosling, her Majesty's Chargé d'Affaires, with the staff of the British Embassy.—The Grand Duke Constantine continues in a dangerous condition.

A telegram from Assouan reports that the Dervish leader struck his camp on July 27, and is apparently moving in a northerly direction. A large force of British and Egyptian troops has assembled at Assouan, and reinforcements are on the way. A skirmish took place on July 29, in which Colonel Wodehouse's troops killed sixty Dervishes.

The New York Chamber of Commerce have resolved in favour of a Universal Exhibition to be held in New York in 1892, and appointed a committee to act with other persons in order to further the project. A meeting of prominent citizens held in the City Hall have also appointed a committee with the same object.

Official returns show that the revenue of South Australia for the financial year ending June 30 amounted to £2,202,510, and the expenditure to £2,273,203.

The Victorian Budget was introduced in the Legislative Assembly on July 29 by the Hon. Duncan Gillies, who in his statement congratulated the House upon the strong financial position of the colony, and announced that, including last year's balance, the surplus at the end of June amounted to £1,607,000. The Premier further announced the reduction of the duty on tea to 1d. per pound, and the abolition of the duty on coffee.



## THE LIONS OF KERRY.

Tourists who stop at Killarney make a great mistake. The old kingdom of Kerry, once a palatinate under the jurisdiction of the Earls of Desmond, is rich in sights of a varied character, which will amply repay a visit. During the plantation of Elizabeth, a descendant of the haughty, drinking cutthroats who accompanied William in his brilliant raid on this country got possession of the castle of Tralee, with 6000 acres, on condition of planting forty-six English families among the wild Irish. The castle no longer exists; but Tralee is a flourishing market town, the capital of the county, where the traveller may well halt for a night, taking the car to Dingle next morning, a distance of thirty-six miles, through a country every inch of which is full of interest.

The road runs along the foot of the Cahirconrie Mountains, of colossal dimensions, while the other side confronts the white-bearded Atlantic for miles. On leaving the town, several objects of interest immediately attract the eye. Mucoulough Rock, standing out well to sea, lifts its black head, veiled with white spray even in the finest weather. Here the grey old cormorant spreads his wings in the sun, safe from intrusion, and beautiful specimens of the parrot-puffin flit round this solitary rock; while far away in the south are the Seven Hogs, or the Maharees Islands, a dangerous locality for ships in all weathers. On one of those islands is to be found the oldest stone fortification in Ireland, similar to that of Dun Engas in the Arran Isles, of massive strength, supposed to have been erected by the Firbolgs, about the time of Moses. On the mainland is the magnificent strand of Fermoy, where the long breakers fall on yellow sand with the solemn cadence of cathedral bells, while the piercing wind whistles through the numerous sandhills like a dirge, and the waves dash their spray like salt tears over the lonely graves of many sailors who found an untimely resting-place on this inhospitable shore.

The Cahirconrie Mountains are rugged, uneven, full of spurs and strange contortions, heath-covered, except where a bare section of the red sandstone shows a wounded side. After a drive of several miles fronting the Atlantic, blue and steel grey, with white flakes of foam curling over treacherous rocks, whose heads barely touch the surface, the car suddenly plunges into the land of mountains, leaving the sea behind. Wild mountain passes bare of all shrubbery and glens green with verdure are encountered on every side. The alternation

of savage wildness with pathetic beauty is indescribable. For the most part those beautiful valleys are untenanted; the Angel of Death has visited the region, leaving only a few blackened walls as sole memorials of the life and buoyant hopes that once filled the place with gladness. There is always something pathetic in a ruin. Many of England's best soldiers were born and grew up in those glens. I knew one farmer who had five sons in English cavalry regiments, none of them under six-feet-three. Their bones are bleaching in foreign lands, and their homes are left to the snipe and curlew—

Oh, to think of it! oh, to dream of it!  
Fills my heart with tears!

The sound of the wind scouring the valley of Glaun-na-Gall, or the wild rain-beaten pass of Owenscaul in the depth of winter, chills the blood with indescribable horror. King Æolus might have set up his throne in this grim region, where the angry winds keep moaning in discontent, while waiting for the spear-point to give them freedom, eager to leap forth in hellish destruction on mortal affairs. In summer, with the glad sunshine, like the breath of angels, vivifying the lovely blue of the heather and intensifying the gorse into heaps of gold, a new feeling springs into existence. One dreams of the giant Danaans, the dwarf Firbolgs, the goblin kings, and the tricky fairies that dance in the moonlight by the old forts. How real they were in childhood, and how often we saw in our dreams the grand procession of red-plumed warriors with flashing shields, traverse those glens!

Kerry derived its name from the eldest son of Fergus, King of Ulster, who dispensed large hospitality in his palace of Emania, Cair Reight—i.e., the kingdom of Cair. It was inhabited by the sept of the O'Connors, Scanlans, McCarthys, O'Donoughs, and Moriartys—names very familiar in Kerry. The monks called it the county of St. Brandon, the patron saint, to whom the principal cathedral was dedicated. One of the finest mountains in the county is called after the saint, and on its towering summit the golden eagle builds its nest. Kerry and part of Cork were also known as the Desmond country. This side of Ireland is chiefly remarkable for its hills, lakes, and rugged cliffs. The lakes are fed by numerous mountain streams, which in winter lace their sides with silver cords, justifying the description of the poet—

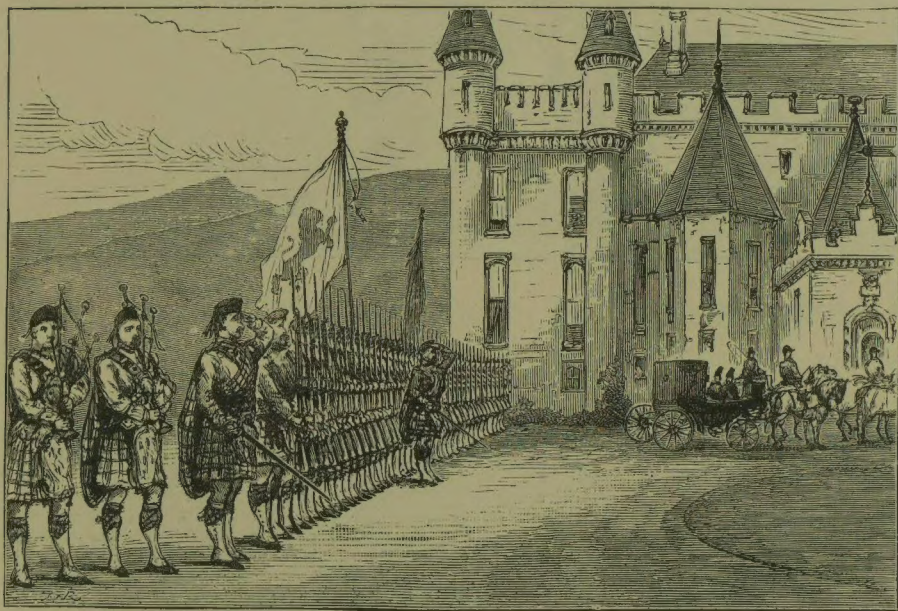
In deep-valley'd Desmond a thousand great fountains  
Come down to that lake, from their home in the mountains.

Dingle is the only walled town in Kerry, though there is now no vestige of the fortification. The harbour and sea-

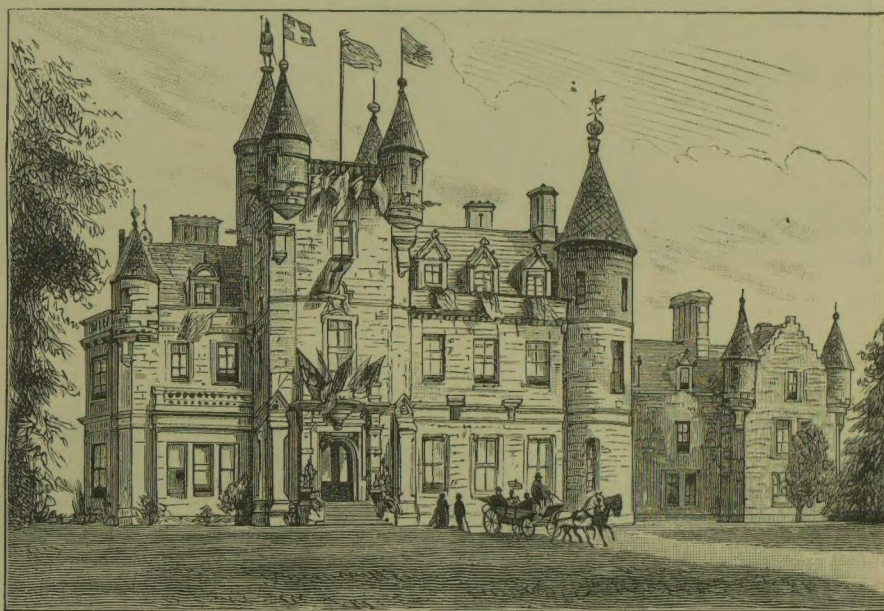
coast were yearly visited by Portuguese and Spanish boats, to fish for cod. Many of the houses in the town were built after the Spanish fashion, with old porches and sly points for observation. This characteristic is more apparent still in the town of Galway. Dingle at one time imported a large supply of dry hake to Bilbao, in Spain. Kerry, as a county, is remarkable for a breed of small hardy ponies formerly brought over from Asturias, where they are now rare. The climate is wonderfully mild in parts, owing to the shelter of the mountains. Peaches grow ripe in the open air, and most classes of fruit-trees would grow there if cultivated. None, however, exist: the landed proprietors never make any attempt to utilise the advantages of nature. They are for the most part absentees.

Seals haunt the creeks and caves of Kerry: they can often be seen in large numbers basking in the sun. This animal is very shy, and only killed by a bullet in the head. Young seals are caught in the caves by moonlight, when the old ones will fight fiercely for their young, and never let go their hold till they hear the crunch of bones. Hunters fill their long boots with charcoal in anticipation of attack. There is considerable profit to be made of the oil and skins, the latter are often beautifully spotted. At the mouth of the Kenmare River there is a valuable quarry entirely unworked. Here is found a variegated marble of great beauty, red and white mixed with yellow, and some green and purple, while juniper and arbutus plants grow wild and luxuriant. Romantic prospects are the rule rather than the exception in this locality; in some places high and irregular rocks appearing, like the prodigious ruins of a great city. The rude magnificence of those stupendous works of Nature kindles mixed feelings of interest and wonder. The air is wholesome, notwithstanding the numerous bogs and lakes, as the wind from the sea is more moist than that from the land, and, sweeping along the vast Atlantic, licks up prodigious quantities of vapour, rendering the place pure and healthy. Here men live to a great age without incurring baldness or grey hairs. While examining the rich carvings on an old Pagan cross in one of the churchyards I encountered an old man, with whom I had an interesting conversation: though full of years, he was lusty and strong as a young calf. He wound up a description of the locality by assuring me that it was a "wholesome place to be buried in"! Not being particularly interested in the ultimate disposition of my bones, I did not discuss the question.

J. B. D.



ARRIVAL AT INVERCAULD HOUSE, DEESIDE.



BUCHANAN CASTLE, LOCH LOMOND, THE SEAT OF THE DUKE OF MONTROSE.

## THE SHAH IN THE HIGHLANDS.

## RAILWAY ARRANGEMENTS FOR BANK HOLIDAY.

On the Brighton and South Coast Railway, the availability of ordinary return tickets to and from the seaside, &c., will be extended as usual over the August Bank Holiday, and this will include the special cheap Saturday to Monday tickets. On Thursday, Friday, and Saturday a fourteen-day excursion to the Paris Exhibition by the picturesque route via Dieppe and Rouen will be run from London by the Night Express Service. Special Saturday to Tuesday tickets will also be issued from London to Brighton. On Sunday and Monday, day trips and special excursion trains will be run to Brighton, Worthing, Portsmouth, the Isle of Wight, Tunbridge Wells, Lewes, Newhaven, Eastbourne, Bexhill, St. Leonards, and Hastings. For the Crystal Palace holiday entertainments on Monday, extra trains will be run to and from London as required by the traffic.

The Great Eastern Railway Company announce cheap excursion bookings on Saturday, Aug. 3, from London (Liverpool-street), via their new line and the cathedral cities of Ely and Lincoln, to Huddersfield, Ashton, Manchester, &c. Additional trains will be run on Friday and Saturday to Colchester, Ipswich, Norwich, Clacton, Walton, Yarmouth, Lowestoft, Cambridge, Lynn, &c.; and on Saturday, for the accommodation of persons detained at business until late in the evening on that day, a special midnight train will leave Liverpool-street at 12.15 a.m., for Norwich, Yarmouth, and Lowestoft, via Ipswich, calling at the principal intermediate stations. On Bank Holiday, excursion trains will leave St. Pancras and Liverpool-street for Yarmouth, Cambridge, and Ely; and Liverpool-street for Clacton, Walton, and Harwich. Excursion tickets will be issued by all trains to Epping Forest, Broxbourne, and Rye House. A special service of trains will run from Liverpool-street every ten minutes to Chingford, and every half-hour to Loughton; also, from Fenchurch-street every half-hour to Chingford and Loughton. For the accommodation of business people wishing to return to London early on Tuesday morning, a special fast train will run from Yarmouth, Lowestoft, Ipswich, Clacton, &c., due at Liverpool-street at 9.1 a.m. Cheap tickets will be issued by the Great Eastern Railway Company via the Harwich route, enabling holiday-makers to visit the Belgian Ardennes, Holland, and the Rhine. Passengers leaving London, Scotland, the North and North-West of England on Thursday, Aug. 1, or Friday, Aug. 2, can reach Brussels, the Ardennes, the Hague, and Amsterdam (for the dead cities of the Zuyder Zee) early the next day, and return on Monday, Aug. 5, arriving in London and the North on Tuesday, Aug. 6, or on any subsequent date within a month.

The London and North-Western Company announce that the ticket offices at Euston, Broad-street, Kensington, and Willesden Junction will be open throughout the day, from

Monday, July 29, to Monday, Aug. 5, inclusive, so that passengers wishing to obtain tickets for any destination on the London and North-Western Railway can do so at any time of the day prior to the starting of the train. The Company announce that on Friday, Aug. 2, special express trains leave Euston at 1.10 p.m. for Warrington, Blackburn, Fleetwood, and Windermere; and at 6.25 p.m. for Holyhead and Ireland. On Saturday, Aug. 3, a special express train (first, second, and third class) will leave Euston Station at 2.50 p.m., and Willesden Junction at 3.0 p.m., for Northampton, Rugby, and Stafford. On Bank Holiday, Monday, Aug. 5, the express trains to and from the City, St. Albans, Watford, and Kensington will not be run; and numerous residential trains will be discontinued, particulars of which can be ascertained on reference to the Company's local notices.

Mr. Pugh, M.P., has intimated to his Welsh tenantry his intention of remitting 25 per cent on their rents at the forthcoming rent audit.

The annual inspection of the Brigade of Guards, consisting of the third battalion of the Grenadier Guards, the 1st and 2nd Coldstream Guards, and 1st Scots Guards, was held on July 29 in Hyde Park, the Duke of Cambridge being the inspecting officer.

The Duchess of Albany and the Queen of the Netherlands were present at Pyrmont on July 27 at the confirmation of their youngest sister, the Princess Elizabeth of Waldeck-Pyrmont. The ceremony was also attended by the Hereditary Prince of Wurtemberg, the Duke of Nassau, and many other Royal personages.

A council meeting of the Hospital Sunday Fund was held on July 29 at the Mansion House, under the presidency of the Lord Mayor, to order the payment of awards to the metropolitan hospitals and dispensaries as recommended by the committee of distribution. The report of the committee recommended the payment of awards to 161 institutions, being three more than last year, and an increase of 56 since the first awards were made in 1873. The principal awards were as follows: London Hospital, £3333; Middlesex Hospital, £2031; St. Mary's Hospital, £1875; Brompton Consumption Hospital, £1718; St. George's Hospital, £1614; King's College Hospital, £1406; University College Hospital, £1302; and Westminster Hospital, £1093. Sir Sydney Waterlow (the vice-president) moved a resolution to the effect that the report be adopted and the several awards recommended be paid as soon as possible. He congratulated the Lord Mayor and all present upon the fact that the collection this year had been larger than ever. The fund amounts to nearly £40,000, being about £800 in excess of the total received this time last year. Further donations are anticipated.

## NATIONAL ART COMPETITION.

The annual exhibition of drawings, paintings, and modellings, for which prizes have been awarded at the national competition of schools of art throughout the kingdom, are arranged, as last year, in the upper gallery at the South Kensington Museum, in company with the enamels and other art objects of the Jones Collection. The works for which awards have been granted number nearly five hundred. The six gold medals were distributed as follows: To Mr. John Parkyn, of the Bristol School, for a piece of modelling representing foliage and a squirrel, executed with admirable effect as to arrangement and relief; Miss Maggie Strang, of Glasgow, for a design for a wall-hanging; Mr. Henry Littler, of the Manchester (Cavendish-street) School, for a design for a cathedral in Gothic style; Mr. Percy Allen, of Nottingham, for measured drawings of Wollaton Hall; Mr. Edward Birks, of Stoke-on-Trent, for studies of fruit, foliage, and flowers; and to Mr. Frederick Carder, of the Wordsley Board School Art Class, for a design for a vase, consisting of graceful classical figures modelled in white wax on glass in imitation of cameo. The other awards comprise forty silver and 109 bronze medals, 235 book prizes, and numerous honorary awards to the students of the training class, the two gold medals in the last-named section being won by Mr. Ernest Fabian for a model of the figure of a boy, and Mr. F. Shelley for time sketches in chalk from the life.

The Breslau Chess Tournament has ended in a decisive victory for Dr. Tarrasch, who scored 13 games; Burn, second, with 11½; and Mieses, third, with 10½. The remaining prizes are divided between Gunsberg, Paulsen, Bardeleben, and Bauer.

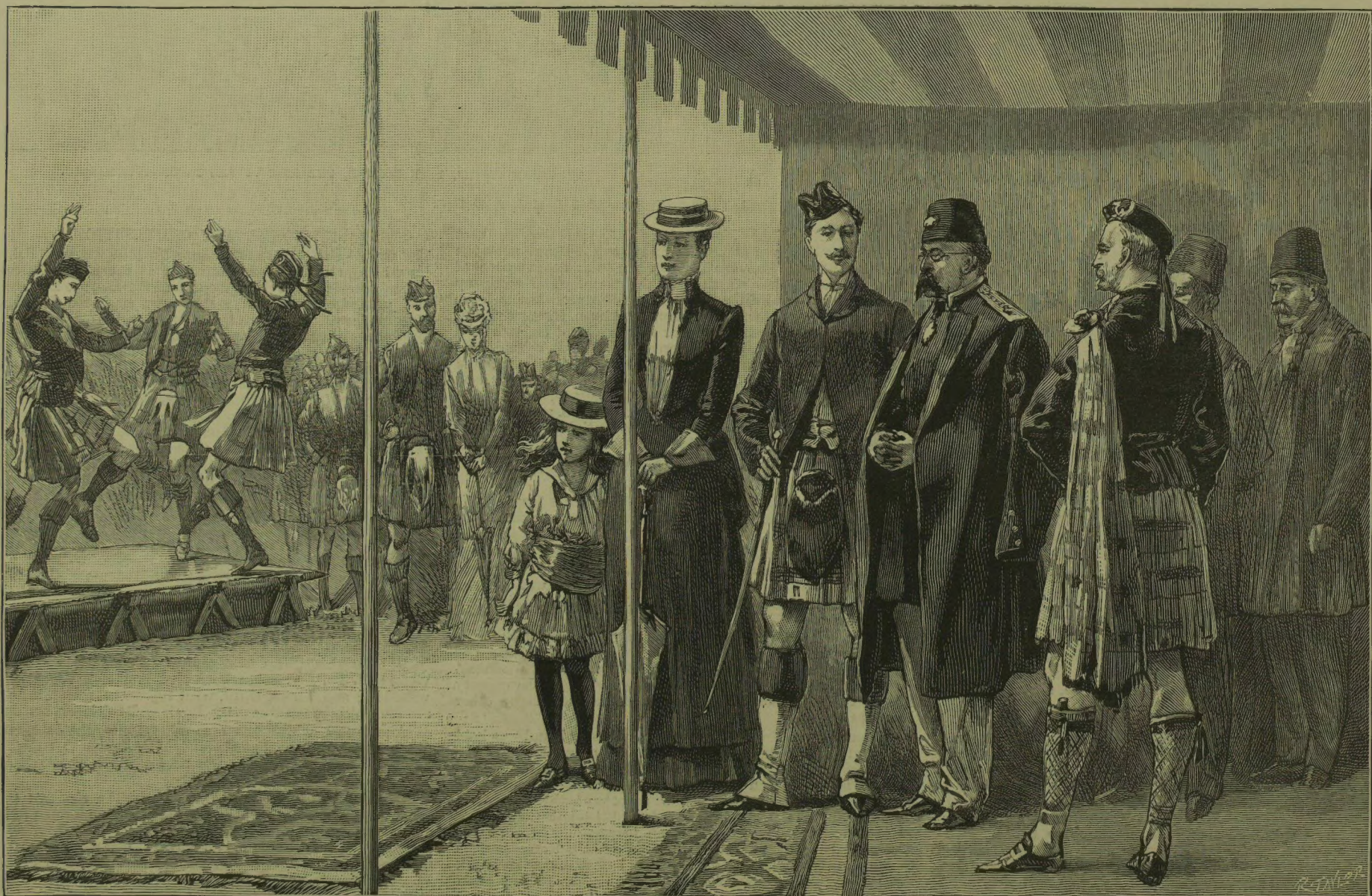
A new pier, which has cost £12,000 to construct, and is 600 ft. long, was opened at Boscombe, Bournemouth, on July 29, by the Duke of Argyll, who was accompanied by the Marquis of Lorne.

The annual distribution of prizes to the students of the Middle-Class Schools Corporation school took place on July 29 at the hall, Cowper-street, City-road. Mr. Goschen, who is president of the Corporation, having presented the prizes, addressed those present. He paid a compliment to the Rev. W. Rogers, one of the founders of the school, who had collected £50,000 within six weeks for the establishment of the school, which had now a high reputation in commercial circles, and maintained its standard of 1000 boys. There was to be a change in the governing body, accompanied by a great financial advantage, as the Dulwich College authorities were going to set aside for that and another school £50,000 of their funds, the interest of which would be applied to assist the two schools. He believed that they had introduced almost a revolution into the middle-class schools of the country by the example they had set.





TORCHLIGHT PROCESSION AT GLENMUCK, DEESIDE

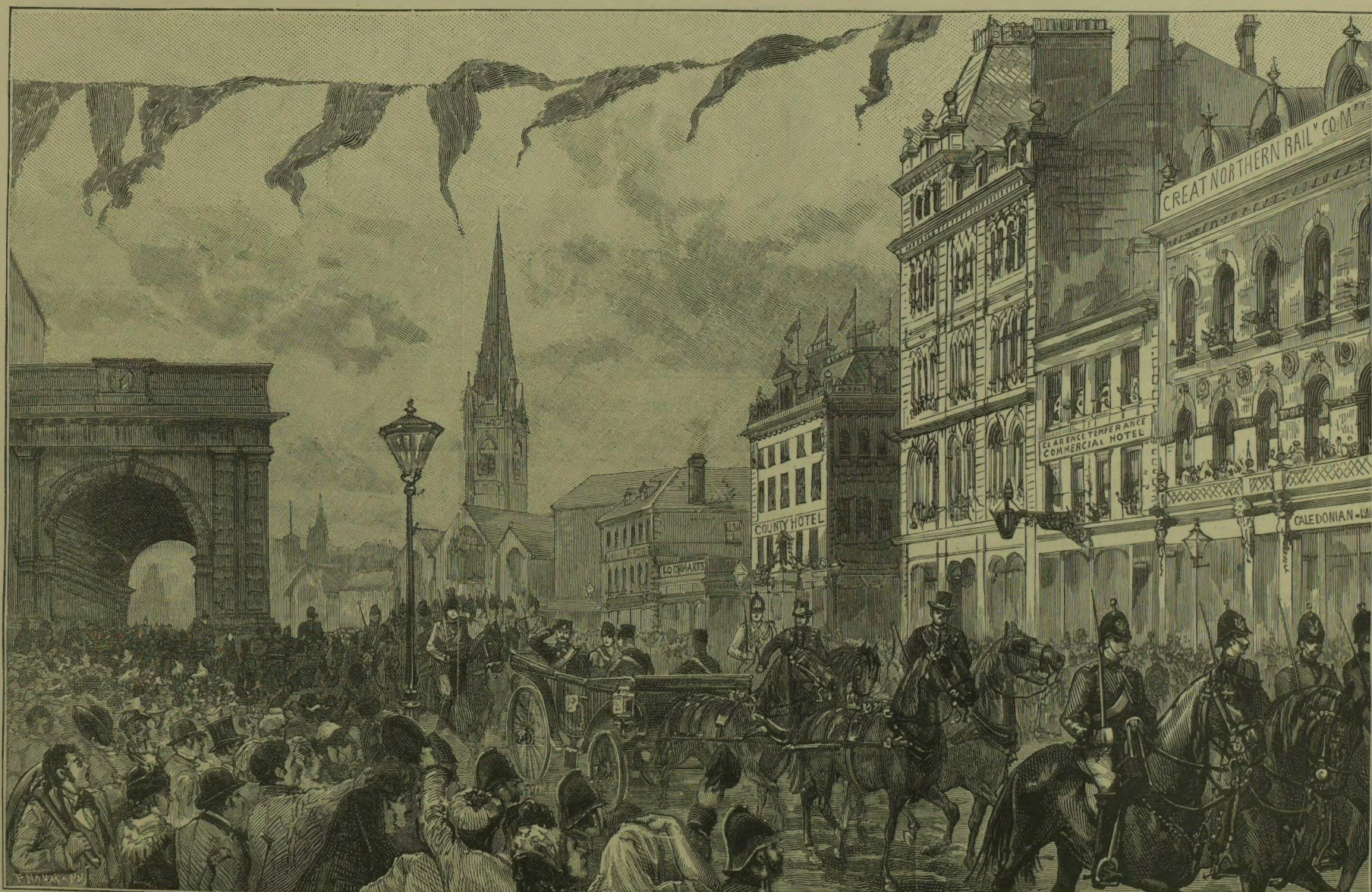


HIGHLAND GAMES AT GLENMUCK.





THE SHAH IN THE HIGHLANDS: THE GILLIES' BALL, GLENMUICK.



THE SHAH AT NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE: PROCESSION THROUGH THE TOWN.



## THE SHAH OF PERSIA.

The visiting tour of his Majesty Nasr-ed-din, Shah of Persia, through Great Britain, of which some further illustrations are given this week, has been partly related. The Shah, on Wednesday, July 17, travelling from Manchester to Scotland, arrived at Buchanan Castle, Stirlingshire, on the shores of Loch Lomond, where he was the guest of the Duke of Montrose. One of our contributors, "G. E.-T.," in the last number of this Journal, described Buchanan Castle as "A Ducal Demesne," with its historic and romantic associations, in a style that lost nothing of their interest.

On July 18, after visiting the city of Glasgow, the Shah went on to Aberdeenshire, where he was entertained by Mr. Mackenzie of Kintail at Glenmuick House, near Ballater, Deeside. At Ballater, forty-three miles from Aberdeen by railway, the upper valley of the Dee is entered; and the banks of the river all the way from this village to Braemar, a distance of twenty miles by road, with Glenmuick, Balmoral Forest, and Ballochbuie, overlooked by Lochnagar and other mountains, are considered one of the finest districts of the Scottish Highlands. In this district are situated the Queen's favourite residence, Balmoral Castle, and Abergeldie Castle, the Highland seat of the Prince of Wales; higher up the Dee is the village called Castleton of Braemar, near which is Invercauld House, the residence of Sir Algernon Borthwick, where the Shah sojourned from the Saturday evening till Monday morning, July 22. Above Castleton of Braemar, three or four miles from the village, close to the beautiful waterfall of the Corriemulzie Linn, is New Mar Lodge, the summer residence of the Duke of Fife, which has also been described in connection with the marriage of Princess Louise of Wales. In

our View of the Braemar Valley of the Dee, both New Mar Lodge and Old Mar Lodge are seen at a distance. The Linn of Quoich, the waterfalls of Glen Lui, and the Linn of Dee are notable features of Braemar. The highest of the surrounding mountains, Ben Muick Dhui, has an altitude of nearly 4000 ft.; and the valley is completely enclosed by lofty ranges separating it from Inverness-shire and Perthshire.

The Shah was met at the Ballater railway-station by his Highland host, Mr. Mackenzie of Kintail, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor of Wales, and was conducted to Glenmuick. Here a grand marquee was erected on the lawn in front of the mansion for between 400 and 500 dancers. It had been arranged by Mr. Mackenzie that an opportunity should be afforded the Shah of witnessing athletic sports in the Highlands of Scotland. Various Highland games were performed, under the charge of Mr. Allan Mackenzie. The tenantry ball was opened at nine o'clock, and his Majesty, escorted by some forty clansmen bearing lighted torches, was escorted from the drawing-room to the ball-room. Here some time was spent, the Shah being interested in the agility of the kilted dancers. He wore the ribbon and star of the Garter, and walked about in the crowd.

At Invercauld, likewise, on the Saturday evening, Sir Algernon Borthwick spared no effort to secure the comfort and entertainment of his Majesty, who saw, among other things, a torch dance taken part in by a band of Highlanders in full costume. A ball was held in the permanent ball-room attached to the house, at which the Shah was present.

Leaving the Highlands on July 22, the Shah travelled south to Philipstown, near Linlithgow, to visit the Earl of Hopetoun. Next day his Majesty inspected the works of the great iron railway bridge over the Forth, at Queensferry, shown

to him by Sir John Fowler, the engineer, and Mr. Arrol, the contractor. Lord Colville of Culross was present to receive his Majesty. Driving thence to Edinburgh, the Shah was saluted by the guns of the castle, and was received by the Lord Provost and Corporation at the Museum of Science and Art, where an address was presented. Having journeyed by special train to Rothbury, in Northumberland, his Majesty was entertained by Lord Armstrong at Cragside.

The town of Newcastle-on-Tyne was visited by the Shah, with Lord Armstrong, on Wednesday, the 24th. On his arrival, an address of welcome was presented on behalf of the Corporation. It had been prepared both in English and Persian, the latter by Mr. Browne. A procession was formed, and his Majesty was taken to the Elswick factory of Messrs. Armstrong, Mitchell, and Co. The weather was fine, and the streets were crowded. Luncheon was provided at the works, and the Royal party then went through the ordnance department. Some heavy guns for English and foreign Governments were exhibited. The most striking of these were the 30-ton 10-in. guns for the English Government, and some 68-ton guns, to be mounted on disappearing carriages, for coast defence, the latter having been made for the Government of Italy. There were also a number of 25-ton Spanish guns for naval defence, and a large number of quick-firing guns of the new Armstrong type. The Shah was much interested in the 6-in. quick-firing gun on centre-pivot mount, which is one of the most striking objects in the factory. The shields and charges for the 110-ton gun caused much astonishment. At the steel-works a steel ingot was forged. The gun-boat Whiting and the Italian war-ship Piemonte were also examined. The Shah afterwards left for Bradford.

At Bradford his Majesty was received by the Mayor (Alder-



THE SHAH NEAR EDINBURGH: INSPECTING THE WORKS OF THE FORTH BRIDGE.

man Moulson), and was entertained at the Townhall; he visited the woollen-cloth warehouses of Messrs. A. and S. Henry and Co., and the silk and plush mills of Messrs. S. Cunliffe Lister and Co., at Manningham, but had not time to go to Saltaire. On Friday, the Shah was at Leeds, where he had a formal reception in the Townhall, was entertained at luncheon by the Mayor (Alderman Ward), and inspected Messrs. Barran's clothing factory and Messrs. Greenwood and Batley's foundry. In the evening, his Majesty travelled from Leeds to Brighton, arriving about ten o'clock. He was the guest of Sir Albert Sassoon at his Brighton residence, and was entertained next day by the Mayor and Corporation at the Royal Pavilion. On Monday, July 29, his Majesty went to Osborne House, took leave of the Queen, and crossed the Channel to France.

## THE TRADE OF ANTWERP.

The British Consul-General at Antwerp opens his last report, as do many other Consuls this year, by a statement that the revival in trade which appeared in 1887 was more marked in 1888. The bad harvest of last year in nearly all Western Europe led to a considerable increase in the import of cereals to Antwerp. This amounted to about 53,000,000 bushels, or about 9,000,000 bushels more than the previous year. The greatest increase was from the Danubian Principalities and the Sea of Azov. The imports of flour, on the other hand, fell from 331,641 bushels to 180,063, owing to decreased import from the United States: raw cotton, wool, and petroleum also showed decreases, although the petroleum imports from Russia increased from 100,000 barrels in 1887 to 233,669 barrels in 1888. The import of rice, especially from British India, showed a large increase. As to the large tobacco import of Antwerp, the Consul-General observes that a large quantity imported from the United States was of such inferior quality that no purchasers could be obtained for it, and its destruction by fire was proposed. As to exports, there was an enormous falling off in the very important staple, sugar, which fell from 26,721 tons in 1887

to 15,800 tons in 1888. The decline was entirely in powdered sugars and candy. Great Britain took about half the total export of Belgian sugar.

## COST OF THE PRODUCTION OF TEA IN CEYLON.

A Ceylon journal has published a tabular statement of the cost of the production of tea on an estate of 250 acres in full bearing, with a good factory, adequate machinery, and fuel on the estate, at various rates of yield per acre. The prices are expressed in hundredths parts of the rupee, or "rupee cents," and include carriage to Colombo and shipment there, in mercantile phrase "f.o.b. Colombo." At a yield of 150 lb. to the acre the price would be 50 cents per pound; 200 lb. to the acre, 46 cents; 250 lb., 40 cents; 300 lb., 37 cents; 350 lb., 35 cents; 400 lb., 32½ cents; 450 lb., 31½ cents; 500 lb., 29½ cents. On a larger estate of, say, 400 acres the prices might be reduced by one or two cents per lb., the average yield in Ceylon being taken at 300 to 350 lb. an acre, and the price of Ceylon tea put on board in Colombo at 35 to 37 cents, or 6d. per lb. This apparently does not include the planter's profits and interest on capital. Another estimate, however, gives 6½d. per lb., with a yield of 500 lb. per acre, as the actual expenditure in production; and a price of 8d. per lb. with 500 lb. to the acre will be required to give a profit of 50 rupees per acre to the planter. A yield of 400 lb. per acre will give the same profit if the average price, as at present, be not below 9d.

The annual show of the Highland Agricultural Society was opened on July 30, at Melrose, and extended over four days. The entries are under some former years in number, but the quality of the exhibits has never been surpassed. Horses for agricultural purposes are a magnificent show, particularly the Clydesdales. In cattle there is a good but not large show, the Aberdeen polled cattle being excluded on account of disease. Probably this is the best exhibition of sheep ever held by the society. The season has been favourable, and the exhibits are

excellent, particularly the Leicesters and Cheviots. There is a good show of swine, although there is a falling off in numbers. The implements are not the least interesting part of the exhibition.

Convocation of the Province of Canterbury has been prorogued until Nov. 5.

The deaths registered in London in the week ending July 27 were 1553, being 275 below the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years.

At the meeting of the London County Council on July 30 it was resolved to contribute one-half the cost, not exceeding £61,000, towards the sum required for the purchase of Brockwell Park. On the recommendation of the Council Chamber and Offices Committee it was resolved to accept a tender of £6600 for enlarging the premises at Spring-gardens.

The Chinese Commissioner of Customs at the Manchurian port of Newchwang in the last trade Yellowbook refers to the trade in native-grown opium in Manchuria as increasing annually at such a rate that the various familiar names for foreign opium will soon disappear from the Customs returns of the port altogether. The production of the poppy in 1887 was so large that at Moukden and other large towns "the stocks interfered with the financial departments of trade, and shirtings and drills and other staples that were consigned to factors in the interior against the usual advances had to give way to this more valuable security." The cultivation, if not interfered with, will go on annually increasing, for the poppy is a hardy crop, which always finds a ready and profitable market, and being gathered in the spring, before the rains set in, there is no fear that it will be ruined by floods or excessive rains. West of the Liao River it is said that half the arable land or thereabouts is given up to it. The business is in the hands of Chinese from the south, who go all over the ground and advance money to the small farmers and help them with seed. The white poppy yields the best crop, and in places one may travel a whole day and never be out of sight of it.



## THE PLAYHOUSES.

The remarkable popularity of Mr. Charles Wyndham was again demonstrated at the Criterion on July 27, when he made good his title to be regarded as the legitimate successor of Charles Mathews on the English stage. Mr. Wyndham on this occasion created a new character, the very antithesis of David Garrick. He appeared as Sam Hedley in the original comedy written by Mr. F. C. Burnand, and named "The Headless Man." Lest it may be thought that this is, as the title implies, a drama of the Mayne Reid type, it should be explained that "The Headless Man," Sam Hedley to wit, is a solicitor whose memory is hopelessly bad, yet who has a sublime belief in an alphabetical system of mnemonics he has adopted. Serenely indifferent to the hopeless confusion he himself is plunged into along with his clients, he reposes a blind faith in his system of artificial memory; and it needs scarcely to be added that Mr. Charles Wyndham enacted the reckless, cheery, complacent "Headless Man" to the life. Sam Hedley proved to be a character worthy the humourist who conceived the hero of "Happy Thoughts," and who made the town laugh with "Betsy." Among the various personages more or less embroiled by Sam Hedley's mental peculiarities are General and Mrs. Bletchingly, quaintly embodied by that delightfully unctuous comedian Mr. William Blakeley and Miss F. Paget; fair and graceful Mrs. Torrington, Miss Fanny Moore; Fred Otway, Mr. H. Standring; a pretty ward in Chancery (Miss E. Penrose), and Miss Trimmer (Miss E. Miller); the inevitable young lover in Mr. J. Anderson; and a very amusing bit of characterisation by Mr. George Giddens, that of an elderly claimant to a peerage. Smartly acted, "The Headless Man" was a source of considerable diversion. It is to be regretted that Mr. Wyndham should have been tempted after the fall of the curtain to enter into a personal altercation with one of the gallery audience, whom he addressed as "the man with the white hat," and whom he accused of noisy interruptions. This display of managerial "touchiness" will not have taken place in vain, however, if it should lead to a discontinuance of the prevalent habit of speech-making on the part of actor-managers.

The Vaudeville was reopened on July 29 with an effective but somewhat gruesome play, "In Danger," by Mr. W. Lestocq and Mr. H. Cresswell, whose work had previously passed through the ordeal of a matinée. The story, in brief, is that of a couple of poor orphan sisters, Kate and Lily Doran, who, unwittingly entrapped to act as "decoy ducks" at a Monaco gambling establishment, become involved in a series of grave difficulties, culminating in one of them being witness of a fatal encounter, in which Kate's lover kills his antagonist while defending himself. There are disagreeable passages, which might well be omitted from "In Danger"; and the piece needs lightening and amendment in other ways. Opening in Monaco, it ends at the English country seat of Dr. Hamer, the kindly uncle who gives the sisters shelter when they most need it. The powerful and sympathetic acting of Miss Florence West as Kate Doran richly merited the applause it obtained. Indeed, "In Danger" was generally well acted by Miss West and her associates; the cast comprising Mr. Lewis Waller and Mr. F. H. Macklin, Mr. Julian Cross and Mr. R. S. Boleyn, Mr. Sydney Brough, Mr. Lestocq, Mr. Smedley Yates, Mrs. Canninge, and Miss Agnes Miller, a bright young actress who is better in comedy than in drama.

Many of the wedding gifts to Princess Louise of Wales, diamond ornaments and plate, were manufactured by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths' Company, of 112, Regent-street; these in most instances were from the donors' own designs.

A grand review and field-day of the troops at the Curragh and Newbridge was held on July 29 by Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, G.C.B., Commander of the Forces in Ireland. His Serene Highness was accompanied by the Prince and Princess Hermann of Saxe-Weimar, Prince Gustave of Saxe-Weimar, Prince Ernest of Saxe-Weimar, and Princess Olga of Saxe-Weimar.

At a private meeting of clergy and laity on July 27 the Bishop of Worcester submitted a scheme for the establishment of a bishopric of Birmingham, to embrace the archdeaconry of Coventry and the suburbs of Birmingham, the area having a population of 800,000. It is proposed that the income shall be £3500, towards which the Bishop of Worcester is prepared to surrender £800.

The Benchers of Gray's Inn have resolved that from Aug. 1 until Sept. 30, inclusive, children (boys over ten years of age excepted) be admitted to the garden without orders between six p.m. and eight p.m. The gardens have for years past been practically open to the public, inasmuch as Benchers' orders have been very liberally given. The new order is intended to benefit children of the very poorest class.

On July 30 the Lord Mayor presided at a meeting of the Mansion House Committee for raising a Patriotic Volunteer Fund. Mr. E. Stanhope, M.P., who was present, expressed his hearty sympathy with the movement, and stated that the Government was prepared to give every Volunteer £2 2s. at the time he was embodied for the purchase of necessary articles of equipment. Amongst the other speakers were Lord Wantage and the Bishop of London.

Mr. Justice Chitty, in the Court of Chancery, has made an order for winding up the Sovereign Life Assurance Company. The liabilities were stated to be £460,000, while the assets would not realise more than £234,000.

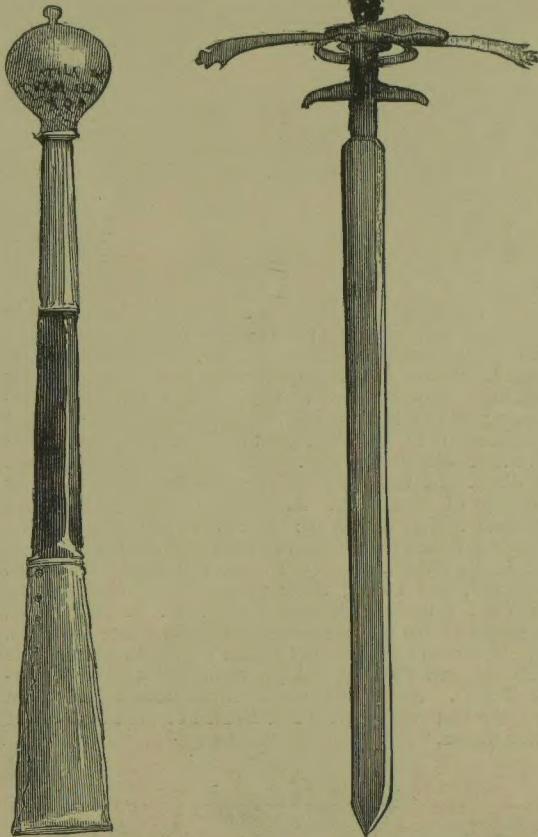
## MACPHERSON'S SWORD.

As Buchanan Castle, on Loch Lomond, has its reminiscences of Rob Roy Macgregor, the famous cattle-stealer, outlaw, and rebel, whom the imaginative genius of Sir Walter Scott has invested with an air of romance, so the douce town of Banff, with an ancestor of the present Duke of Fife—namely, Alexander Duff of Braco, who was the great man of the county a few years before Scotland and England became one kingdom—had its outlawed hero, James Macpherson, a noted robber and murderer, the leader of a band of thieves, "Mac-Heaths" of the North Country, popularly admired on their road to the gallows—

For why? because the good old rule  
Sufficeth them: the simple plan  
That they should take who have the power,  
And they should keep who can!

It was on Friday, Nov. 16, 1700, that Macpherson was hanged on Gallowhill, having been led up the Banff county jail, fiddle in which, at the foot of the fatal played a tune of his own composing, sang his "rant," a piece of eight credited to his authorship, to the own misdeeds, with a demand for cursed fate. Finally, as nobody his parting gift of the musical though he had many friends crowd, Macpherson broke his away the pieces, had the rope put and was, as they used to say, eternity." The merit of arresting

thither from hand, with "tree," he while he boldly verses, also renown of his sympathy in his dared to accept instrument, among the violin, threw round his neck, "launched into this malefactor



MACE OF ATTILA.

Preserved at Duff House, Banff, the Residence of the Duke of Fife.

MACPHERSON'S SWORD.

was due to Mr. Duff of Braco, who took home as a trophy, Macpherson's two-handed sword, which is still preserved in the collection of antiquities at Duff House. It is certainly more authentic than the small iron war-mace, in the same collection, reputed to be that borne in battle by Attila, King of the Huns.

Prince Albert Victor presented new colours to the 3rd and 4th battalions of the West Riding Regiment, at Halifax, on July 30. The presentation took place at the camp, which is pitched on the racecourse, and in the presence of an enormous concourse of spectators.

## THE SILENT MEMBER.

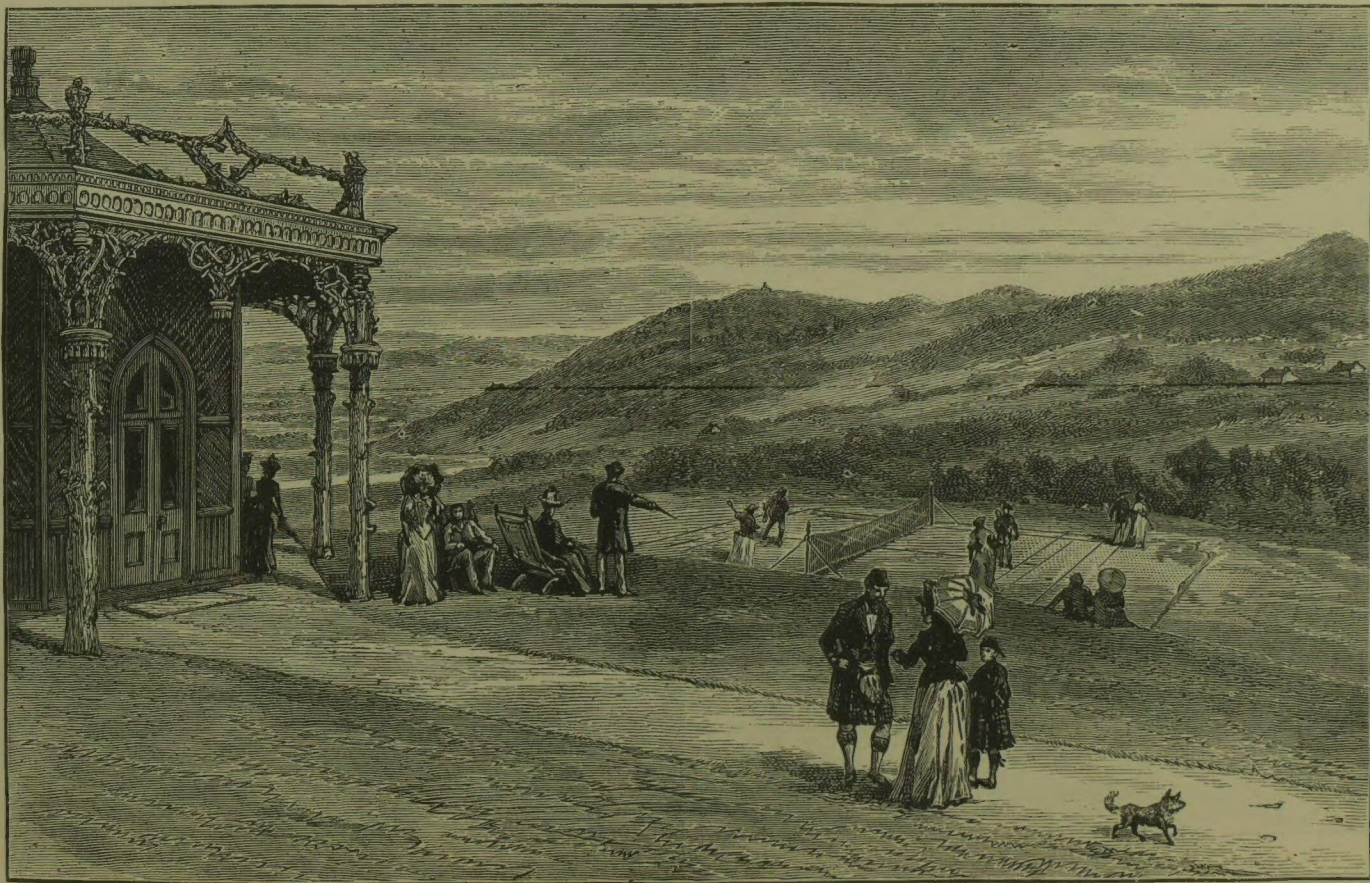
The series of bright and lucid speeches Lord Randolph Churchill made in Walsall and Birmingham in the closing days of July—and made, too, when the noble Lord, if he consulted his own tastes, would probably have preferred to revel in the Royal circle at Goodwood—transferred public interest for the moment from the Lords and Commons to the Midlands. Pallid legislators generally would not be sorry to escape from the thraldom of Westminster. Their hearts are in the Highlands, in the Solent, anywhere but in St. Stephen's, from which, however, we shall happily soon be released.

It is the unexpected that always happens, as Lord Beaconsfield declared. Quite a surprising change occurred in the current of events in the House of Commons when Mr. Gladstone celebrated his golden wedding day by delivering an eloquent speech in favour of the Royal Grant, which fairly aroused the enthusiasm of the Conservative party, and left the Radical followers of the venerable Liberal Leader grimly silent. Mr. W. H. Smith had risen, on the Twenty-fifth of July, to explain to the crowded House, in his familiar business-like style, the position of the Government in the matter. He had gravely recounted that a Committee to consider the Queen's Message had been appointed, and had supported the Government's recommendation that an additional £36,000 a year (he would have preferred £40,000) should be granted to the Prince of Wales for the maintenance of his children. With rather fewer facetious sallies than usual did Mr. Labouchere move his amendment to the effect that the funds now at the disposal of her Majesty were sufficient for the purpose; his chief hit being against Mr. Chamberlain's recent assumption of courtier-like habits; this point being made with a vivacity which elicited an outburst of laughter from the Home-Rule and Radical benches. Mr. Samuel Storey, the gaunt and bearded member for Sunderland, rose from the bench behind Mr. Labouchere to join him in taking exception to the grant. But it was plainly felt that these peddling criticisms of the expenditure of the Royal family were unworthy the House. Mr. Gladstone gauged the prevailing sentiment to a nicety. Rising from his place as Leader of the Opposition, Mr. Gladstone was seen to have a red rose in his button-hole; and his opening sentences proved him to be in excellent voice. The hale and hearty veteran, who bears the burden of seventy-nine summers so easily, made, indeed, one of the best and most energetic speeches he has delivered for some years. He lifted the debate. Each word, clearly enunciated, told. The earnestness which is Mr. Gladstone's great characteristic was well sustained throughout the wonderful address, which maintained his reputation as far and away the most powerful and gifted orator in Parliament. Mr. Gladstone's main contention was that her Majesty and the Royal family should be enabled to keep up the dignity and magnificence of Royalty with a grandeur worthy this rich country. Armed with this argument, he vigorously answered Mr. Labouchere and Mr. Storey, and vindicated the grant of the £36,000 on the score that the voting of that extra sum for the Prince's family would settle the question for the rest of the Queen's reign. Finally, there was a resonant ring in his voice when he said, in closing this memorable speech, "I am not ashamed to say that in my old age I rejoice in any opportunity which enables me to testify that, whatever may be thought of my opinions or my proposals in general politics, I do not forget the services which I have borne for so many years to the illustrious representative of the British Monarchy."

The loud and prolonged cheers of Ministerialists as Mr. Gladstone resumed his seat were in strong contrast to the silence of the right hon. gentleman's regular supporters. But it should be recorded that, despite the Radical opposition to the grant, no warmer tribute to the Queen as a Constitutional Sovereign came from anyone than that which Mr. Labouchere and one or two of his followers paid, with evident sincerity, to her Majesty personally. Without dwelling on the remaining speeches (the liveliest of which was forthcoming from Lord Randolph Churchill), let it be stated that Mr. Labouchere's amendment was on the following evening negatived by a majority of 282—398 against 116, the Parnellite members as a rule voting with Mr. Gladstone in support of the grant. On July 29 Mr. John Morley was similarly unsuccessful in moving his unnecessary amendment, which drew a vivacious and courtier-like speech from Mr. Chamberlain, and a response from Sir W. Harcourt, and was defeated by a majority of 221—355 against 134 votes.

The marriage of the Earl of Arran and the Hon. Mrs. John Montague Stopford, Lady-in-Waiting to Princess Christian, took place on July 29, at the Royal Chapel, near

Cumberland Lodge, Windsor Great Park. The building, portions of which had been decorated with flowers by Princess Christian and her daughters, was filled by the friends of the bride and bridegroom. Princess Christian accompanied the bride from Cumberland Lodge to the chapel, where the latter was met at the entrance by Prince Christian, who escorted her to the altar and gave her away.—The marriage of Mr. Herbert Ewart and Lady Mary Gore took place at St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge, on July 30. The bride was given away by her brother-in-law, Lord Ruthven; and the bridesmaids were Lady Esther Gore, Miss Ewart, the Hon. Caroline Bruce, the Hon. Eleanor Saumarez, and Lady Kitty Ogilvie. The best man was Mr. Paul Mercer. The wedding presents were numerous and beautiful.—Several fashionable marriages are described on another page.



SUMMER HOUSE AND LAWN-TENNIS GROUND, NEW MAR LODGE, BRAEMAR.





THE REV. C. H. KELLY,  
PRESIDENT OF THE WESLEYAN CONFERENCE.



SERGEANT REID,  
WINNER OF THE QUEEN'S PRIZE AT WIMBLEDON.

#### THE WESLEYAN METHODIST CONFERENCE.

On July 23 the hundred and forty-sixth annual conference in connection with the Wesleyan Methodist Church was opened in Carver-street Chapel, Sheffield. The vacancies in the legal hundred having been filled, the Rev. Charles Kelly, secretary of the Wesleyan Sunday-School Union, was elected the new President with 230 votes. Dr. Stevenson received the next highest number of votes—namely, 93. In the course of his address, the new President said that Methodism now numbered 20,000,000 followers in different countries and nations of the world. The Portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Appleton.

In the week ending July 27 eleven British and eight foreign vessels were reported as shipwrecks, five British and one Norwegian being wrecked off the United Kingdom. The collision cases numbered twenty-three, of which twelve cases took place off the British Isles.

The rifle team of the Massachusetts Volunteer Militia, who are now on a brief visit to this country, were received on

July 29 by the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House. They wore their uniform, with the marksmen's badges which they have won in the United States and in this country. After being conducted over the state apartments and shown the City plate, the Lord Mayor drank to their health and to the increased prosperity of the United States, congratulating them on the success they had had in their five matches in this country, all of which they won. The team afterwards visited the Guildhall. In the evening Viscount De Vesci, the new Commandant of the Hon. Artillery Company; Captain Labalmondière, the Adjutant; and the members of the Massachusetts Rifle Team, were the guests of the Company, at a dinner held at the Armoury House, Finsbury. Major M. Jones presided, and among those present were the American Minister (Mr. Lincoln), General Sir G. W. A. Higginson, Major-General Philip Smith (commanding the Home District), the Rev. Prebendary Rogers (Chaplain of the Company), Sir Robert Morier, and Major Frost (in command of the Massachusetts Team). After the usual loyal toasts had been honoured, the Chairman gave "The Health of the President of the United States."

#### QUEEN'S PRIZE WINNER AT WIMBLEDON.

The "Blue Ribbon" of the Rifle-Ranges, for the last time on Wimbledon Common, was won, on Tuesday, July 16, by a steady-eyed Scotchman, Sergeant Reid, of the 1st Lanark (Engineers) Rifle Volunteers, who gained the Gold Medal of the National Rifle Association, the Gold Badge of the Championship of the United Kingdom for 1889, and the Queen's Prize of £250. His score of marks was 87 at the first stage, 110 at the second stage, 42 at the 800-yards range, 42 at the 900-yards range—making a grand total of 281. He made two bull's-eyes at the 800-yards range. The competition was very close between Sergeant Reid and Major Pearse, of the 4th Devon Rifle Volunteers, the Gold Medallist of 1875, who made a total score of 280, including 48 at the 800-yards range. Sergeant Reid is a telegraph clerk at Glasgow. The Portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Russell and Sons, of Wimbledon.

The Meistersingers entertained a numerous company at their club in St. James's-street on July 27. The luncheon, at which about 150 guests sat down, was admirably served.



VALLEY OF THE DEE, BRAEMAR, WITH MAR LODGE, THE HIGHLAND SEAT OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF FIFE.







## MY PARLIAMENTARY CANDIDATURE.

The time, the locality, and the politics are immaterial. The general description is susceptible of many particular applications. A comparison of reminiscences with others, wholly irrespective of place or of party, shows that what was gone through at an eventful period was by no means singular. According to the well-known apophthegm, there is a good deal of human nature in all of us. Under like conditions, like results will appear. Therefore, no specific borough or division of a county, no defined election, and no particular persons are meant in the Parliamentary candidature about to be described.

The request to enter the political arena came unexpectedly. Under the circumstances there seemed to be no escape from compliance. Of course the ladies of the family were excited and elated. Much fluttering occurred in the domestic dovecote. Dim visions of social possibilities arose in the feminine mind. Heretofore the household had not displayed much interest in politics. To be perfectly frank, they had been voted a nuisance or had been tacitly ignored. Suddenly they became of transcendent importance. Pretty lips began to frame themselves for the utterance of what had been called, somewhat irreverently, political jargon. The party colours broke out in an eruption in dress, and especially in ribbons. It was settled that the presence of the ladies in the constituency must be followed by certain victory. They had but to show themselves in order to conquer. Who could resist their beaming smiles and the bewitching cajolery of their persuasive eloquence? So they went down. Truth compels the acknowledgment that nothing came of it. The ladies on the other side did likewise. Perhaps the two sets of gentle combatants neutralised each other.

The exposition of political principles before the local leaders was pronounced to be remarkably satisfactory and all that could be desired. It was the same at public meetings. Never had there been such fervour and unanimity. The local newspapers interlarded their reports of the speeches with "cheers," "loud cheers," "enthusiastic applause," "prolonged applause," &c. Reporters and editors exhausted their vocabulary of adjectives in descriptive articles; as did the writers of anonymous eulogistic letters in the papers; all of which, by the way, had a remarkable family resemblance. I sprang into fame as an orator. Until then, dearest friends had not suspected in me the existence of such latent eloquence. Like many Englishmen of average ability and education, I had always been able to give fair and clear expression to my views about men and things; but even the flattering comments, however delightful, could not overcome the common-sense persuasion that the perfect swan so suddenly developed was but an ordinary talking goose.

The election did not occur so soon as was expected. Hence there had to be frequent visits to the constituency. The authorities, or persons claiming to be such, asserted the necessity of keeping up the enthusiasm. They also laid stress upon organisation. What this really meant remains a mystery to this day. All that appeared was that a number of fussy and noisy persons were in a state of perpetual motion. They were always talking, they wrote no end of letters, and dispatched sheaves of telegrams. There were, in due course, agents, sub-agents, personation agents, canvassers, people to bring up voters, committees, chairmen, deputy chairmen, clerks, messengers, and other helpers and hangers-on. What they did, for the most part, eluded discovery; but they were all declared to be absolutely indispensable to the proper conduct of an election. If the results were not apparent, there was abundance of noise and display in the working of the machinery.

All this meant money. Though the voluntary workers were numerous, and were by far the most efficient, those who claimed or expected payment were by no means few. Some of them were, not unreasonably, suspected of a readiness to serve the other side if more could be gained thereby. The self-appraisal of their assistance was ludicrous. When the election actually came, they expected to be paid for two or three weeks as much as they could earn at their trades or professions in three, or even in six, months. Besides this, they had a fertile invention in running up bills for travelling, hotel, stationery, telegrams, and incidentals. What they did for the money it is hard to say. They sat in committee-rooms, they talked to people, they took journeys, they always wore an air of importance, and they tried to look as wise as the historic Lord Burghley. But what good came of much of this no one can tell. Certainly, the expenses mounted up at an alarming rate. Besides the paid functionaries, there were enormous printing bills, and accounts for advertising and for holding meetings. Many thousands of tracts and leaflets were paid for, and, presumably, distributed; though the whole district presented the appearance of a park after a picnic, when littered with paper. Rival printers and bill-posters vied with each other in tearing down or in covering up the mural literature. This was good for trade; but, taken with other channels of expenditure, it rendered most difficult the task of keeping within the outlay permitted by law.

The sole cost of all this fell upon the candidate. At the very outset, the local wirepullers plainly stated that no money was forthcoming. Every penny required for preliminary work, for agency, for registration, for meetings, and for what is euphemistically known as "nursing the constituency," had to be supplied by me. That nursing process was a costly and troublesome one. Within a week of undertaking the contest at least a score of appeals were made for generous help in local objects. As time wore on, the number and the variety increased. Seldom was there a day without a begging letter. Restorations of churches, the building of chapels and school-rooms, the establishment of political clubs, and the extrication of public institutions from debt were pressed upon me. Would I not lay this foundation-stone, or open that bazaar, or subscribe to a regatta, or give a prize for some local competition, or become patron of cricket clubs and football clubs? A library would be an acquisition in one place; swimming-baths in a second; and a public recreation ground in a third. Surely I must approve of such laudable aspirations, which it was hoped and confidently expected that I should gratify! It was eminently desirable that I should be initiated as an honorary member of the Oddfellows, or the Ancient Buffaloes, or the Good Shepherds; for they were among my warmest supporters. Fifty other objects were pressed upon me. All the old people in one place were to be provided with a free tea, and all the children in another with a magic-lantern entertainment. Private requests were not infrequent for loans, or to assist the applicant to go to the seaside, or to replace a lost pig, or to obtain a set of teeth, or to pay arrears of rent, or to secure admission to a hospital or an asylum, or to help a deserving couple to marry. I was sometimes reproached with having given only one guinea, whereas I had sent two to another case, said to be far less deserving. I was exhorted to give at least as much as my opponent had done. Evidently I was regarded as a milch-cow. What it cost me altogether I dare not say. I have done my best to forget the amount and all the annoyance. In the sequel I lost the election; and the experience, though dearly bought, has made me both wiser and happier. But the ladies are still disappointed.

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## AN AUGUST AFTERNOON.

The hedgerows are white with dust as they border the highway, which is equally white in the glare of the August sun, and the eyes rest with grateful relief on the field of golden grain, spangled with the scarlet poppies that flame here and there as we rest, leaning on the gate and looking down through the winding footpath that for centuries has run through the tall and waving rows of wheat on either hand. We are looking at the river where its sparkle is seen in the meadow beyond the corn-field, and waiting for the boat which has not yet appeared. On such an afternoon one waits easily. There is now and again a soft breeze which bows the corn in that exquisitely beautiful fashion which is one of the commonest and yet the loveliest memories of rural life, but the sunshine and stillness are so powerful that they make one wish for nothing for the time but to wait—and dream. Both trees and fields differ in their aspect from that which was theirs last month. The trees have neither the brilliancy of early spring nor the summer's full emerald opulence, but a tint deeper and darker behind the tracery of the leafage of mid-summer. The fields, where their luxuriant crop has been cleared by the mower's scythe, look darker in the landscape, and suggest the reign of autumn about to begin, yet set off the glow of—

August being rich array'd  
In garment all of gold down to the ground—

the unusually still calm month of plenteousness in every form.

Our eyes rest, as has been said, on the broad wheat-field and the mead below, rich, green, and refreshing to the sight as it lies with its swift glittering river winding among the reeds. Yet, just now, the mind's eyes are more busy than those of the body. Far different is the scene the former see. Far northward stretches their gaze. On all sides is the purple bloom of the heather, with the majestic mountains rising gradually towards the sky, with a foaming, flashing stream rushing swiftly seaward and rioting round the boulders in midway, while the silver birchwoods fringe it, and the pine forest in the far distance stands stately in its dusky array. This is the vision our mind's eye sees, and the grouse coveys whirring from knoll and hollow as the steady pointers, ranging and quartering like machines, stand like statues on the scent, and the happy men whom Fortune permits to enjoy such bliss follow the noble game through a day of labour which physics pain amid the delicious air of the moorland, which in itself seems to the unaccustomed breather the elixir of life.

But this is only an August dream, and, waking from it with a sigh, one comes back to the reality. The scene which imagination—not without the aid of envy—has been limning vanishes, and the actual one takes its place. Beautiful enough, but tame in comparison. But if one cannot tread the heather on an August afternoon, and can only dream of following grouse, one can at least go down an English river and try one's hand at flapper-shooting.

Nor is it a sport to be despised. The young wild ducks which get this name from their half-flapping, half-scurrying way of rising from the water are plump and strong on the wing, though still under the care of the parent duck. As the boat drifts slowly down stream, through islets and groves of reeds, many glimpses of aquatic bird life are seen. The shooting is a sort of dilettante pursuit which can be carried out with much leisure—a rare commodity in these unresting days—and as much time can be given to all the sights and sounds perceptible from the river as to the actual work of the gun.

Just now the flappers are in fine condition. Feeding by night under the old ducks' care, either in pasture-fields or marshy ground, on insects, snails, and worms, and varying this diet by corn as it gradually gets riper—and they pay it regular nocturnal visits—the young birds have a delicacy of flavour which is very different from the fishy one often, though not always, found in full-grown wild ducks shot in the winter. At this time they are more easily shot than later. Winter duck-shooting, unless by daylight, is a bitterly cold pastime, and the chances are few and far between. If August gives smaller birds, it, at any rate, gives far greater facilities for getting them, and the shooting, as has been said, is a sort of irregular introduction to the regular business beginning next month.

So, as the boat slowly goes down stream, the eager spaniel, to the manner born—else is he of little good—swims in and out, exploring every reed-patch big enough to hold a moorhen, and making the thickly clustered stalks part and sway as he pushes his way vigorously between them. Coots scuttle in and out, moorhens fly low along the surface, and dabchicks dive out of the way. All these are common enough, but flappers are rarer. But presently the eager note of the spaniel and his redoubled exertions are followed by a quacking and splashing and clattering of wings and web feet which thrill the shooter's heart, and, with a noise that fully emphasises their name, the brood of flappers—fine young scions of an admirable stock—flap and scurry along the water, when, just ere they reach a complete jungle of rushes where hunting for them might be a very long process with small results, a steady right and left brings down a brace, which are retrieved and bagged. And so the sport goes on, varied, perhaps, by the appearance of the teal—most beautiful, to our thinking, of all the British aquatic birds. Moorhens fall victims too, for some of our friends avow them to be delicacies when skinned. On this point we offer no opinion, but have always been willing to give away the birds we shot.

Not, however, as it would be later on our ideal Scottish moor, is this August afternoon but to be spent in contemplation of the gun and its victims. More, much more, is there to occupy the eye and mind. See where an early field of wheat is falling in long golden rows before the reaping-machine, while behind the practised reapers are binding the fallen grain into sheaves and stacking them in due ranks along the field. See how the broad hedgerow between the corn and pasture-field gleams crimson with the smooth dogrose berries, and note the long twining bramble lengths on which the children's never-failing delight, the blackberries, are ripening in various hues, showing the progress made. Through the calm still air, only such as August knows, the continuous note of the landrail is heard, or the cry of the partridge in the corn, or crow of pheasant from yonder oaks. And the sparrows, in clouds of chirping activity, are always particularly noisy at this time, and never far behind the binders who follow the reaping-machine—for sparrows love the early stubbles, and are notably prompt in looking after the grain. By the furze-bushes which cover the high common land beyond the fields, flocks of linnets now gather, and the report of the gun fired at the flappers has sent them and the sparrows, a fluttering crowd, into the warm air. Look from the boat on the moist margins of the stream as we float leisurely along, and notice how the purple blossoms of the meadow-saffron adorn the land, and the flowers of the water-mint and water-parsnip are full blown. The water ripples against the boat, the reeds murmur in the whisper of the breeze, which just cools the air as the shadows grow longer and longer, and the soft subtle influence of the hour is that of the lotos-eater's clime, for to-day's experience is not unlike the land where it is always afternoon,

F. G. W.

## THE ROYAL WEDDING.

The marriage of Princess Louise of Wales to the Duke of Fife—the elevation of his Lordship the Earl of Fife to the rank of a Duke having been officially announced in the *Gazette*—was solemnised at noon on Saturday, July 27, in the private chapel of Buckingham Palace, in the presence of her Majesty the Queen and the Royal family, the King of the Hellenes (Greece) and the Crown Prince of Denmark, uncles to the bride, and a congregation including many of the nobility and other persons of distinction.

Our Special Royal Wedding Number contains various illustrations of this ceremony, which is represented in an Extra Supplement large Engraving; besides the wedding gifts, which were on view at Marlborough House; the Portraits of the Royal bride and the bridegroom; Views of Upper Sheen Lodge, Richmond, Duff House, Banff, and other seats of the Duke of Fife; with an historical account of his Scottish ancestry. Some illustrations are given also in the present number of our Journal. We are indebted to Mr. Rae, photographer, of Banff, for some views of Lord Fife's houses in that county.

Her Majesty the Queen had arrived at Buckingham Palace on the day before the wedding, and had, with Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne) and Princess Beatrice, personally superintended the arrangements in the chapel, and at the palace generally, for the proceedings on this interesting occasion. The decorations of the chapel and other apartments were carried out under the direction of Mr. E. P. Collins, Inspector of Buckingham Palace; and the chapel, though a small apartment, not of imposing architecture, was made beautiful by profuse and exquisite floral adornment. The altar was draped with a crimson-and-gold cloth, on which the gold Communion plate gleamed before a background of choice blooms. Pictures had been ranged around the figured crimson silk dado; white roses were twined around the pillars and hung in festoons from pillar to pillar. A grand palm filled the pulpit, and in every available nook banks of the choicest flowers added to the effect of the scene.

The Princess of Wales, with the King of Greece and the Crown Prince of Denmark, Prince Albert Victor of Wales, and Prince George of Wales, arrived at Buckingham Palace a few minutes earlier than the bride, who was brought from Marlborough House by her father, with Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales, her sisters, who were two of the bridesmaids.

The Queen, attended by the Lord Steward and Vice-Chamberlain, the Mistress of the Robes and the Master of the Horse, the Comptroller and Treasurer of the Royal Household, Ladies of the Bedchamber, and Maids of Honour, met their Royal Highnesses in the Bow Library, the grand drawing-room so called, where a State procession was formed to walk through the apartments leading to the chapel, in the following order: Count Gleichen and the Princess of Hohenlohe, Prince Victor of Hohenlohe, and the Hereditary Princess of Hohenlohe Langenburg, the Duke, Duchess, and Prince Francis of Teck, the Duke of Cambridge, Baron Von Pawel Rammingen and Princess Frederica, Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, the Marquis of Lorne and Princess Louise, Prince and Princess Christian, Prince Albert Victor and Prince George of Wales, the Crown Prince of Denmark, the Princess of Wales, and the King of the Hellenes. Then came her Majesty, leaning on the arm of the Grand Duke of Hesse. The Queen looked remarkably well in a black dress figured with silver stars, with lace over her head and shoulders, and wearing a small crown of brilliants. The Princess of Wales wore an elegant costume of lavender figured silk, plainly draped, but falling in a long train, and her only ornaments were a tiara of diamonds and diamond brooch.

Soon after the Royal party had taken their seats in the chapel, the bridegroom was ushered in, wearing the uniform of the Banffshire Volunteer Artillery. His best man, Mr. Horace Farquhar, was in scarlet uniform, and they each made a deep bow as they passed the Queen and the Royal family. Then ensued another short pause, and as the well-known music of Wagner's March from "Lohengrin" came from the organ the bride entered on the arm of the Prince of Wales. His Royal Highness wore the uniform of a Field Marshal.

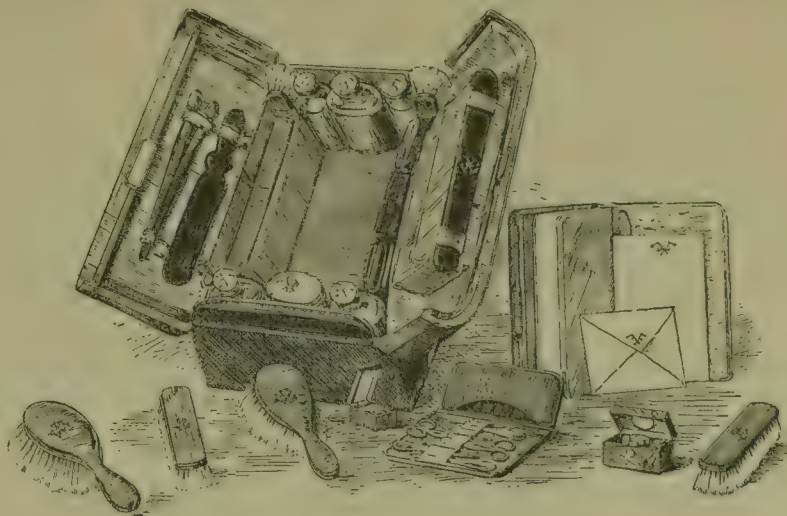
The bride wore a dress of the richest white satin duchesse, with very long flowing train fastened to the corsage, the front and sides of the skirt being entirely draped with volants of the most magnificent fine point de gaze, intermixed with garlands of orange-flowers. The bodice was of the same satin, open V-shape, with high Medici collar and elbow sleeves of old lace, also volants arranged on either side of the V behind. A trail of orange-flowers was arranged from the left shoulder to below the right side of the waist; and the wreath was of orange-flowers with exquisite point de gaze veil. The bridesmaids (Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales, Princesses Louise and Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, and Countesses Feodore Victoria and Helena Gleichen) wore dresses of a lovely shade of plush pink faille with demi-trains draped with crêpe de Chine, over which were arranged broad moiré sashes. The bodices were cut V-shaped, with elbow sleeves, and trimmed with crêpe de Chine. They carried bouquets of pink roses, and each also wore a bouquet of pink roses on the hair.

The service was performed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, with the Bishop of London, the Very Rev. the Dean of Windsor, the Rev. F. A. J. Hervey, M.A., and the Rev. T. Teignmouth Shore, M.A. The bride was given away by her father, his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. Mr. Jekyll, organist of the Chapel Royal, St. James's, presided at the organ, and the musical part of the service was sung by the choir of that chapel. At the conclusion an anthem, composed for the occasion by Mr. Barnby, was sung by the choir. The Queen heartily kissed her granddaughter, and all the members of the Royal family shook hands with the Duke of Fife, before leaving the chapel. Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" was played as the Royal party went out. The religious service was followed, in the first place, by the formality of registration, which took place in the Lower Drawing-Room, and then, for her Majesty, her Royal guests, and the members of the Royal family, luncheon with the bride and bridegroom in the State dining-room. For the remaining guests luncheon was served in the supper-room. The only toasts were those of the "Bride and Bridegroom" and the "Queen." After luncheon, the bride and bridegroom returned to Marlborough House with an escort, by way of Constitution-hill, Piccadilly, and St. James's-street. Along the line of route there was a burst of cheering and a great waving of hats and kerchiefs, until the State carriage, containing the Prince and Princess, passed within the gates of Marlborough House. At a later hour, the Duke of Fife and his Royal bride again drove out, and went to the residence of his Grace, Upper Sheen House, Richmond Park. The road was gay for miles with prettily arranged Venetian masts and bunting, and was lined with people. Detachments of Volunteer regiments formed a guard of honour at the entrance to Upper Sheen House. From Priest's-bridge into the village of Mortlake groups of children, both boys and girls, were stationed at intervals, and flung flowers in the path of the bridal party.





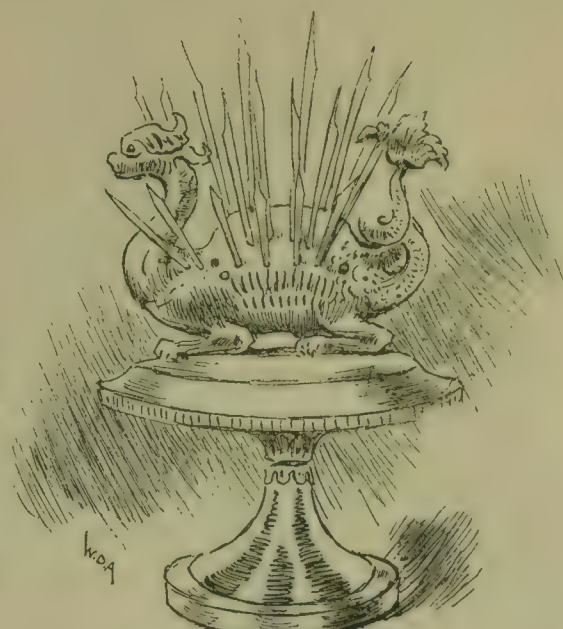
Bowl (Gift of Sir A. Borthwick).



Dressing-Bag (From Mr. H. Farquhar).



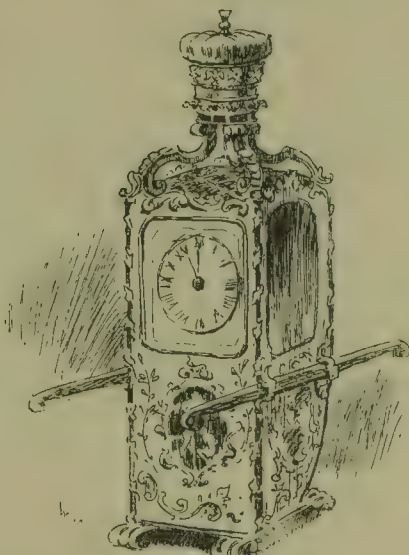
Diamond Bangle.



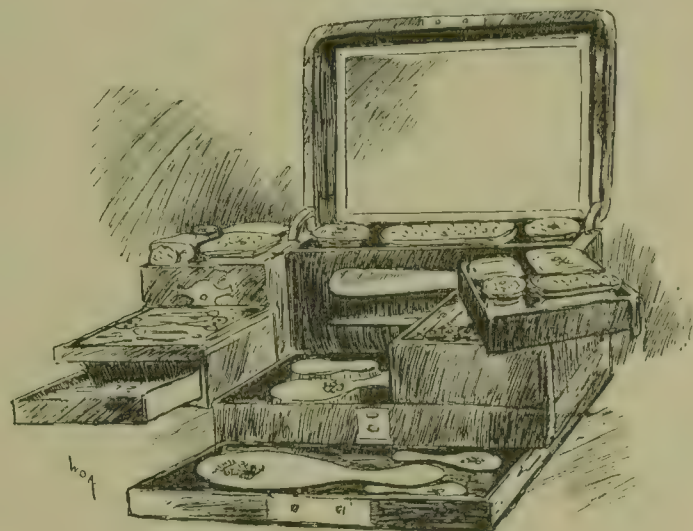
Pen-Stand (Lord and Lady Aberdeen's Gift).



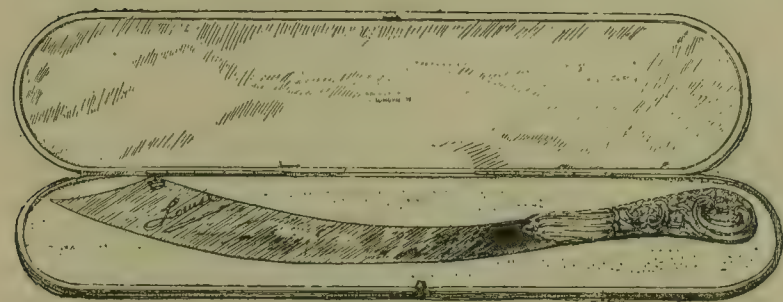
Mirror (From Countess of Loudoun).



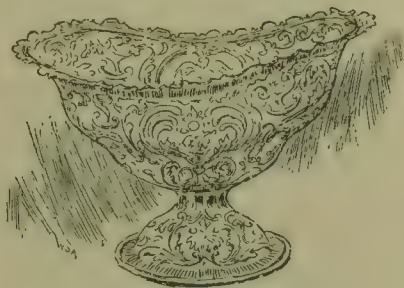
Clock (Gift of Mr. C. Wyndham).



Dressing-Case (Prince and Princess of Wales).



Paper-Knife (Hon. H. Stonor's Gift).



Golden Flower-Vase (Gift of Empress Eugénie).



Casket (From 190 Warrant-Holders).

## WEDDING PRESENTS TO THE PRINCESS LOUISE AND THE DUKE OF FIFE.

The wedding gifts to Princess Louise of Wales were displayed to the guests of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales in the large dining-room at Marlborough House.

Her Majesty the Queen presented to the Duke of Fife a brooch of diamonds, of the purest water, the design of which is formed by the letters "L and F," most artistically interlaced, and the Royal crown with the Earl's coronet is introduced on each side. (The manufacturers of this brooch are Messrs. Hancocks and Co., New Bond-street.)

The Prince and Princess of Wales presented their daughter with a beautiful tiara of fine brilliants, of elegant design of alternating and graduating rays, varying from nearly two inches long in the centre to half an inch at the extreme ends. By a simple arrangement it also forms a beautiful and graceful necklace. (Manufactured by Messrs. Hancocks and Co.)

The united gift from 112 young ladies of her Royal Highness's acquaintance was a lovely bracelet, of fine brilliants, going entirely round the arm.

The married ladies of Princess Louise's acquaintance presented her with a diamond pendant of great beauty, consisting of about a dozen very large brilliants of the first water. It is so arranged that it can be detached from the diamond loop to which it is appended, and may be worn as a necklet.

The Ladies of England presented a magnificent Holbein pendant of large and rare brilliants. The Ladies of Scotland, through the Marchioness of Lothian, presented a very handsome ruby and diamond pendant: its centre is a beautiful Oriental ruby, of the finest colour, which is surrounded by two rows of very fine brilliants. This jewel, which by a simple arrangement can be worn either as a bracelet or a brooch, was specially manufactured by Mr. Aitcheson, of Edinburgh. It was accompanied by an exceedingly fine Scotch pearl, surrounded with diamonds, mounted in a bracelet, which was supplied by Messrs. Hamilton and Inches, of Edinburgh. The Ladies of Ireland also sent a very handsome wedding gift—a diamond bracelet, with shamrock and rose design.

The following costly jewels were supplied by Messrs. Carrington and Co., 130, Regent-street: A handsome bracelet of brilliants, presented by the wives of her Majesty's Cabinet Ministers. A set of three exceedingly handsome stars of unique design, presented by the members of the Queen's Household; those of the Household of the Prince of Wales gave a beautiful diamond and tortoiseshell comb. The gentlemen of Norfolk presented a cross of splendid brilliants, which measures an inch and a half in length.

The Prince of Wales gave the Duke of Fife a large silver

group of stag and hounds, modelled from the original, which was the last work of Sir Edwin Landseer.

The gift of the inhabitants of the Royal Burgh of Banff consists of a large silver two-handed cup, 24 in. in height, exclusive of the pedestal. The style is that of the Georgian period; the body of the cup is richly chased with wreaths and acanthus-leaf decoration relieved with spiral fluting. On one side will be engraved the arms; on the reverse side, the following inscription: "Presented to H.R.H. the Princess Louise of Wales and The Earl of Fife, K.T., on the occasion of their marriage, by the Inhabitants of the Royal Burgh of Banff, July 27, 1889;" on the pedestal will be a representation of Duff House. (Manufactured by Messrs. Hunt and Roskell, New Bond-street.)

There were also gifts to the Duke of Fife from his family solicitor; from the clerks at Sir Samuel Scott, Bart., and Co.'s bank, 1, Cavendish-square; from the household at his town residence; from his gardeners and other servants at Sheen; from his London tradesmen; and from 190 warrant-holders.

Among numerous other wedding gifts to her Royal Highness and the Duke of Fife were those from the brothers and sisters of Princess Louise, the Empress Eugénie, the Duke of Westminster, the Duchess of Leinster, Lord and Lady De Grey; diamonds from Sir Albert Sassoon, Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Sassoon, and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sassoon, Lord Rothschild and Baron Ferdinand De Rothschild, and Mrs. Mackay; and the various useful and beautiful articles given by Mr. Horace Farquhar, the Hon. H. Stonor, Lord Kensington, Lord Brownlow, Mr. C. Wyndham, Sir Algernon Borthwick, and other friends, some of which are represented in our Illustrations.

The Princess of Wales gave her son-in-law a dressing-case of green morocco leather, with folding wings, ornamented with a Crown and "L F" monogram, and with fittings of hammered silver gilt; containing a full set of silver-gilt instruments, brushes, and mirrors, each with Crown and monogram. The case has a double wing on each side; the front falls down, and the lid contains a mirror with an adjusting rack; when open it forms a complete toilet-table, ready for use. This dressing-case was designed and manufactured, to command, by Mr. Alfred Clark, 20, Old Bond-street.

The Russian Ambassador presented the Duke of Fife with a specially designed gold and silver table-clock, with fancy enamelled dial, adorned with a gold coronet and monogram. Mr. Charles Bell gave a spirit-lamp of antique style, silver and gold threaded, with two dippers; Mr. Reuben Sassoon, an elegant gold-headed walking-cane; Lady Probyn, a looking-glass, in a frame of unique design, composed of real tiger-

claws set in ormolu, with ruby velvet back (all made by Mr. Alfred Clark).

Mr. Horace Farquhar's wedding present to the Princess includes a dressing-bag, which has been made by Mr. Albert Barker, 5, New Bond-street, of moss-green morocco. Each bottle is fitted with a lid of hammered gold, on which appear two L's reversed, and the Princess's coronet in diamonds. The backs of the brushes, the paper-knife, shoe-lift, glove-stretchers, and the handles of the various implements are fine mottled tortoiseshell, and each bears the initial letter and coronet in diamonds.

A repeating clock, in the form of a sedan chair, mounted in silver and gold, with models of sporting Cupids, was the gift of Mr. Charles Wyndham. It was manufactured by Messrs. W. Thornhill and Co., 144, New Bond-street, who also supplied the elegant heart-shaped clock of chased silver, given by the Marchioness of Cholmondeley; the silver compass and aneroid barometer, given by Earl Brownlow; a large and solid leather luncheon-case, with silver cups, the gift of Mr. Charles Hall, Q.C.; the cigarette-boxes of silver, given to the Duke of Fife by Lord Kensington and Mr. Burnand; Lady Charles Beresford's gift of case of gold pins with pearl heads; and several other articles presented by friends.

The Yorkshire estates belonging to the trustees of the late Earl of Cardigan were recently offered for sale at Leeds, and lots to the value of £69,226 were sold in four days; but the bulk of the property did not change hands, as in many cases the reserves were not reached, and the vendors had reserved the minerals, which stopped many persons from bidding.

Owing to increasing demands made upon the limited accommodation at the Convalescent Home, Margate, in connection with the Victoria Hospital for Children, Chelsea, a special effort is being made to raise £5000 to erect a large and permanent convalescent home in Margate. To obtain the necessary funds it has been determined to reproduce at Margate the "Al Fresco Fayre and Floral Fête" which has been during the present season so successful in London. The fête will be held in the grounds of Margate College for five days, beginning on Aug. 1. On July 27 a well-attended meeting was held at the Townhall, Margate, under the presidency of the Mayor, to further the claims of the hospital. Mr. H. W. Bradford explained that in the present home there was only room for fifteen patients, and it was proposed that the new building should contain twenty-five beds. Resolutions in accordance with the object of the meeting were carried unanimously.



## BLIND LOVE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

[The Right of Translation is Reserved.]

## CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)



IRIS put the inevitable question to Hugh as soon as they were out of the doctor's house—"What do you say of Mrs. Vimpany, now?"

"I say that she must have been once an actress," Mountjoy answered; "and that she carries her experience of the stage into private life."

"What do you propose to do next?"

"I propose to wait, and see Mrs. Vimpany's husband to-morrow."

"Why?"

"Mrs. Vimpany, my dear, is too clever for me. If—observe, please, that I do her the justice of putting it in that way—if she is really Lord Harry's creature, employed to

keep watch on you, and to inform him of your next place of residence in England, I own that she has completely deceived me. In that case, it is just possible that the husband is not such a finished and perfect humbug as the wife. I may be able to see through him. I can but try."

Iris sighed. "I almost hope you may not succeed," she said.

Mountjoy was puzzled, and made no attempt to conceal it. "I thought you only wanted to get at the truth," he answered.

"My mind might be easier, perhaps, if I was left in doubt," she suggested. "A perverse way of thinking has set up my poor opinion against yours. But I am getting back to my better sense. I believe you were entirely right when you tried to prevent me from rushing to conclusions; it is more than likely that I have done Mrs. Vimpany an injustice. Oh, Hugh, I ought to keep a friend—I who have so few friends—when I have got one! And there is another feeling in me which I must not conceal from you. When I remember Lord Harry's noble conduct in trying to save poor Arthur, I cannot believe him capable of such hateful deceit as consenting to our separation, and then having me secretly watched by a spy. What monstrous inconsistency! Can anybody believe it? Can anybody account for it?"

"I think I can account for it, Iris, if you will let me make the attempt. You are mistaken, to begin with."

"How am I mistaken?"

"You shall see. There is no such creature as a perfectly consistent human being on the face of the earth—and, strange as it may seem to you, the human beings themselves are not aware of it. The reason for this curious state of things is not far to seek. How can people who are ignorant—as we see every day—of their own characters be capable of correctly estimating the characters of others? Even the influence of their religion fails to open their eyes to the truth. In the Prayer which is the most precious possession of Christendom, their lips repeat the entreaty that they may not be led into temptation—but their minds fail to draw the inference. If that pathetic petition means anything, it means that virtuous men and women are capable of becoming vicious men and women, if a powerful temptation puts them to the test. Every Sunday, devout members of the congregation in church—models of excellence in their own estimation, and in the estimation of their neighbours—declare that they have done those things which they ought not to have done, and that there is no health in them. Will you believe that they are encouraged by their Prayer-books, to present this sad exposure of the frailty of their own admirable characters? How inconsistent—and yet how entirely true! Lord Harry, as you rightly say, behaved nobly in trying to save my dear lost brother. He ought, as you think, and as other people think, to be consistently noble, after that, in all his thoughts and actions, to the end of his life. Suppose that temptation does try him—such temptation, Iris, as you innocently present—why doesn't he offer a superhuman resistance? You might as well ask, Why is he a mortal man? How inconsistent, how improbable, that he should have tendencies to evil in him, as well as tendencies to good! Ah, I see you don't like this. It would be infinitely more agreeable (wouldn't it?) if Lord Harry was one of the entirely consistent characters, which are sometimes presented in works of fiction. Our good English readers are charmed with the man, the woman, or the child, who is introduced to them by the kind novelist as a being without faults. Do they stop to consider whether this is a true picture of humanity? It would be a terrible day for the book, if they ever did that. But the book is in no danger. The readers would even fail to discover the falseness of the picture, if they were presented to themselves as perfect characters. 'We mustn't say so, but how wonderfully like us!' There would be the only impression produced. I am not trying to dishearten you; I want to encourage you to look at humanity from a wider and truer point of view. Do not be too readily depressed, if you find your faith shaken in a person whom you have hitherto believed to be good. That person has been led into temptation. Wait till time shows you that the evil influence is not everlasting, and that the good influence will inconsistently renew your faith out of the very depths of your despair. Humanity, in general, is neither perfectly good nor perfectly wicked: take it as you find it. Is this a hard lesson to learn? Well! it's easy to do what other people do, under similar circumstances. Listen to the unwelcome truth to-day, my dear; and forget it to-morrow."

They parted at the door of the inn.

## CHAPTER V.

THE GAME: MOUNTJOY PLAYS A NEW CARD.

Mr. Vimpany (of the College of Surgeons) was a burly man, heavily built from head to foot. His bold round eyes looked straight at his fellow-creatures with an expression of impudent good humour; his whiskers were bushy, his hands were big, his lips were thick, his legs were solid. Add to this

a broad sunburnt face, and a grey coat with wide tails, a waistcoat with a check pattern, and leather riding-gaiters—and no stranger could have failed to mistake Mr. Vimpany for a farmer of the old school. He was proud of the false impression that he created. "Nature built me to be a farmer," he used to say. "But my poor foolish old mother was a lady by birth, and she insisted on her son being a professional man. I hadn't brains for the Law, or money for the Army, or morals for the Church. And here I am a country doctor—the one representative of slavery left in the nineteenth century. You may not believe me, but I never see a labourer at the plough that I don't envy him."

This was the husband of the elegant lady with the elaborate manners. This was the man who received Mountjoy with a "Glad to see you, sir," and a shake of the hand that hurt him.

"Coarse fare," said Mr. Vimpany, carving a big joint of beef; "but I can't afford anything better. Only a pudding to follow, and a glass of glorious old sherry. Miss Henley is good enough to excuse it—and my wife's used to it—and you will put up with it, Mr. Mountjoy, if you are half as amiable as you look. I'm an old-fashioned man. The pleasure of a glass of wine with you, sir."

Hugh's first experience of the "glorious old sherry" led him to a discovery, which proved to be more important than he was disposed to consider it at the moment. He merely observed, with some amusement, that Mr. Vimpany smacked his lips in hearty approval of the worst sherry that his guest had ever tasted. Here, plainly self-betrayed, was a medical man who was an exception to a general rule in the profession—here was a doctor ignorant of the difference between good wine and bad!

Both the ladies were anxious to know how Mountjoy had passed the night at the inn. He had only time to say that there was nothing to complain of, when Mr. Vimpany burst into an explosion of laughter.

"Oh, but you must have had something to complain of!" said the big doctor. "I would bet a hundred, if I could afford it, that the landlady tried to poison you with her sour French wine."

"Do you speak of the claret at the inn, after having tasted it?" Mountjoy asked.

"What do you take me for?" cried Mr. Vimpany. "After all I have heard of that claret, I am not fool enough to try it myself, I can tell you." Mountjoy received this answer in silence. The doctor's ignorance and the doctor's prejudice, in the matter of wine, had started a new train of thought in Hugh's mind, which threatened serious consequences to Mr. Vimpany himself. There was a pause at the table; nobody spoke. The doctor saw condemnation of his rudeness expressed in his wife's face. He made a rough apology to Mountjoy, who was still preoccupied. "No offence, I hope? It's in the nature of me, sir, to speak my mind. If I could fawn and flatter, I should have got on better in my profession. I'm what they call a rough diamond. No offence, I say?"

"None whatever, Mr. Vimpany."

"That's right! Try another glass of sherry."

Mountjoy took the sherry.

Iris looked at him, lost in surprise. It was unlike Hugh to be interested in a stranger's opinion of wine. It was unlike him to drink wine which was evidently not to his taste. And it was especially unlike his customary courtesy to let himself fall into thought at dinner-time, when there were other persons at the table. Was he ill? Impossible to look at him, and not see that he was in perfect health. What did it mean?

Finding Mountjoy inattentive, Mr. Vimpany addressed himself to Iris.

"I had to ride hard, Miss Henley, to get home in time for dinner. There are patients, I must tell you, who send for the doctor, and then seem to think they know more about it than the very man whom they have called in to cure them. It isn't he who tells them what their illness is; it's they who tell him. They dispute about the medical treatment that's best for them, and the one thing they are never tired of doing is talking about their symptoms. It was an old man's gabble that kept me late to-day. However, the Squire, as they call him in these parts, is a patient with a long purse; I am obliged to submit."

"A gentleman of the old school, dear Miss Henley," Mrs. Vimpany explained. "Immensely rich. Is he better?" she asked, turning to her husband.

"Better?" cried the outspoken doctor. "Pooh! there's nothing the matter with him but gluttony. He went to London, and consulted a great man, a humbug with a handle to his name. The famous physician got rid of him in no time—sent him abroad to boil himself in foreign baths. He came home again worse than ever, and consulted poor me. I found him at dinner—a perfect feast, I give you my word of honour!—and the old fool gorging himself till he was black in the face. His wine, I should have said, was not up to the mark; wanted body and flavour, you know. Ah, Mr. Mountjoy, this seems to interest you; reminds you of the landlady's wine—eh? Well, sir, how do you think I treated the Squire? Emptied his infirm old inside with an emetic—and there he was on his legs again! Whenever he over-eats himself, he sends for me; and pays liberally. I ought to be grateful to him, and I am. Upon my soul, I believe I should be in the bankrupt court but for the Squire's stomach. Look at my wife! She's shocked at me. We ought to keep up appearances, my dear? Not I! When I am poor, I say I am poor. When I cure a patient, I make no mystery of it; everybody's welcome to know how it's done. Don't be down-hearted, Arabella; nature never meant your husband for a doctor, and there's the long and the short of it. Another glass of sherry, Mr. Mountjoy?"

All social ceremonies—including the curious English custom which sends the ladies upstairs, after dinner, and leaves the gentlemen at the table—found a devoted adherent in Mrs. Vimpany. She rose as if she had been presiding at a banquet, and led Miss Henley

affectionately to the drawing-room. Iris glanced at Hugh. No: his mind was not at ease yet; the preoccupied look had not left his face.

Jovial Mr. Vimpany pushed the bottle across the table to his guest, and held out a handful of big black cigars.

"Now for the juice of the grape," he cried, "and the best cigar in all England!"

He had just filled his glass, and struck a light for his cigar, when the servant came in with a note. Some men relieve their sense of indignation in one way, and some in another. The doctor's form of relief was an oath. "Talk about slavery!" he shouted. "Find me such a slave in all Africa as a man in my profession. There isn't an hour of the day or night that he can call his own. Here's a stupid old woman with an asthma, who has got another spasmodic attack—and I must leave my dinner-table and my friend, just as we are enjoying ourselves. I have half a mind not to go."

The inattentive guest suddenly set himself right in his host's estimation. Hugh remonstrated with an appearance of interest in the case, which the doctor interpreted as a compliment to himself: "Oh, Mr. Vimpany, humanity! humanity!"

"Oh, Mr. Mountjoy, money! money!" the facetious doctor answered. "The old lady is our Mayor's mother, sir. You don't seem to be quick at taking a joke. Make your mind easy; I shall pocket my fee."

As soon as he had closed the door, Hugh Mountjoy uttered a devout ejaculation. "Thank God!" he said—and walked up and down the room, free to think without interruption at last.

The subject of his meditations was the influence of intoxication, in disclosing the hidden weaknesses and vices of a man's character by exhibiting them just as they are, released from the restraint which he exercises over himself when he is sober. That there was a weak side, and probably a vicious side, in Mr. Vimpany's nature it was hardly possible to doubt. His blustering good humour, his audacious self-conceit, the tones of his voice, the expression in his eyes, all revealed him (to use one expressive word) as a humbug. Let drink subtly deprive him of his capacity for self-concealment, and the true nature of his wife's association with Lord Harry might sooner or later show itself—say, in after-dinner talk, under skilful management. The right method of entrapping him into a state of intoxication (which might have presented serious difficulties under other circumstances) was suggested, partly by his ignorance of the difference between good wine and bad, and partly by Mountjoy's knowledge of the excellent quality of the landlady's claret. He had recognised, as soon as he tasted it, that finest vintage of Bordeaux, which conceals its true strength—to a gross and ignorant taste—under the exquisite delicacy of its flavour. Encourage Mr. Vimpany, by means of a dinner at the inn, to give his opinion as a man whose judgment in claret was to be seriously consulted—and permit him also to discover that Hugh was rich enough to have been able to buy the wine—and the attainment of the end in view would be simply a question of time. There was certainly the chance to be reckoned with, that his thick head might prove to be too strong for the success of the experiment. Mountjoy determined to try it, and did try it nevertheless.

Mr. Vimpany returned from his medical errand, thoroughly well satisfied with himself.

"The Mayor's mother has reason to thank you, Sir," he announced. "If you hadn't hurried me away, the wretched old creature would have been choked. A regular stand-up fight, by Jupiter, between death and the doctor!—and the doctor has won! Give me the reward of merit. Pass the bottle."

He took up the decanter, and looked at it.

"Why, what have you been about?" he asked. "I made up my mind that I should want the key of the cellar when I came back, and I don't believe you have drunk a drop in my absence. What does it mean?"

"It means that I am not worthy of your sherry," Mountjoy answered. "The Spanish wines are too strong for my weak digestion."

Mr. Vimpany burst into one of his explosions of laughter. "You miss the landlady's vinegar—eh?"

"Yes, I do! Wait a minute, doctor; I have a word to say on my side—and, like you, I mean what I say. The landlady's vinegar is some of the finest Château Margaux I have ever met with—thrown away on ignorant people who are quite unworthy of it."

The doctor's natural insolence showed itself. "You have bought this wonderful wine, of course?" he said satirically.

"That," Mountjoy answered, "is just what I have done."

For once in his life, Mr. Vimpany's self-sufficient



"Now for the juice of the grape," he cried, "and the best cigar in all England."



readiness of speech failed him. He stared at his guest in dumb amazement. On this occasion, Mountjoy improved the opportunity to good purpose. Mr. Vimpany accepted with the utmost readiness an invitation to dine, on the next day, at the inn. But he made a condition. "In case I don't agree with you about that Château—what-you-call-it," he said, "you won't mind my sending home for a bottle of sherry?"

The next event of the day was a visit to the most interesting monument of antiquity in the town. In the absence of the doctor, caused by professional engagements, Miss Henley took Mountjoy to see the old church—and Mrs. Vimpany accompanied them, as a mark of respect to Miss Henley's friend.

When there was a chance of being able to speak confidentially, Iris was eager in praising the doctor's wife. "You can't imagine, Hugh, how agreeable she has been, and how entirely she has convinced me that I was wrong, shamefully wrong, in thinking of her as I did. She sees that you dislike her, and yet she speaks so nicely of you. 'Your clever friend enjoys your society,' she said; 'pray accompany me when I take him to see the church.' How unselfish!"

Mountjoy kept his own counsel. The generous impulses

which sometimes led Iris astray were, as he well knew, beyond the reach of remonstrance. His own opinion of Mrs. Vimpany still pronounced steadily against her. Prepared for discoveries, on the next day, which might prove too serious to be trifled with, he now did his best to provide for future emergencies.

After first satisfying himself that there was nothing in the present state of the maid's health which need detain her mistress at Honeybuzzard, he next completed his preparations by returning to the inn, and writing to Mr. Henley. With strict regard to truth, his letter presented the daughter's claim on the father under a new point of view. Whatever the end of it might be, Mr. Henley was requested to communicate his intentions by telegraph. Will you receive Iris? was the question submitted. The answer expected was: Yes or No.

#### CHAPTER VI.

##### THE GAME: MOUNTJOY WINS.

Mr. Henley's telegram arrived at the inn the next morning.

He was willing to receive his daughter, but not unreservedly. The message was characteristic of the man: "Yes—

on trial." Mountjoy was not shocked, was not even surprised. He knew that the successful speculations, by means of which Mr. Henley had accumulated his wealth, had raised against him enemies, who had spread scandalous reports which had never been completely refuted. The silent secession of friends, in whose fidelity he trusted, had hardened the man's heart, and embittered his nature. Strangers in distress, who appealed to the rich retired merchant for help, found in their excellent references to character the worst form of persuasion that they could have adopted. Paupers without a rag of reputation left to cover them, were the objects of charity whom Mr. Henley relieved. When he was asked to justify his conduct, he said: "I have a sympathy with bad characters—I am one of them myself."

With the arrival of the dinner-hour the doctor appeared, in no very amiable humour, at the inn.

"Another hard day's work," he said; "I should sink under it, if I hadn't a prospect of getting rid of my practice here. London—or the neighbourhood of London—there's the right place for a man like me. Well? Where's the wonderful wine? Mind! I'm Tom-Tell-Truth; if I don't like your French tippie, I shall say so."



*He struck his heavy fist on the table, with a blow that made the tumblers jump.*

The inn possessed no claret glasses; they drank the grand wine in tumblers as if it had been vin ordinaire.

Mr. Vimpany showed that he was acquainted with the formalities proper to the ceremony of tasting. He filled his makeshift glass, he held it up to the light, and looked at the wine severely; he moved the tumbler to and fro under his nose, and smelt at it again and again; he paused and reflected; he tasted the claret as cautiously as if he feared it might be poisoned; he smacked his lips, and emptied his glass at a draught; lastly, he showed some consideration for his host's anxiety, and pronounced sentence on the wine.

"Not so good as you think it, sir. But nice light claret; clean and wholesome. I hope you haven't given too much for it?"

Thus far, Hugh had played a losing game patiently. His reward had come at last. After what the doctor had just said to him, he saw the winning card safe in his own hand.

The bad dinner was soon over. No soup, of course; fish, in the state of preservation usually presented by a decayed country town; steak that rivalled the toughness of india-rubber; potatoes whose aspect said, "Stranger, don't eat us"; pudding that would have produced a sense of discouragement, even in the mind of a child; and the famous English cheese which comes to us, oddly enough, from the United States, and stings us vindictively when we put it into our mouths. But

the wine, the glorious wine, would have made amends to anybody but Mr. Vimpany for the woeful deficiencies of the food. Tumbler-full after tumbler-full of that noble vintage poured down his thirsty and ignorant throat; and still he persisted in declaring that it was nice light stuff, and still he unforgivingly bore in mind the badness of the dinner.

"The feeding here," said this candid man, "is worse if possible than the feeding at sea, when I served as doctor on board a passenger-steamer. Shall I tell you how I lost my place? Oh, say so plainly, if you don't think my little anecdote worth listening to!"

"My dear sir, I am waiting to hear it."

"Very good. No offence, I hope? That's right! Well, sir, the captain of the ship complained of me to the owners; I wouldn't go round, every morning, and knock at the ladies' cabin-doors, and ask how they felt after a sea-sick night. Who doesn't know what they feel, without knocking at their doors? Let them send for the doctor when they want him. That was how I understood my duty; and there was the line of conduct that lost me my place. Pass the wine. Talking of ladies, what do you think of my wife? Did you ever see such distinguished manners before? My dear fellow, I have taken a fancy to you. Shake hands. I'll tell you another little anecdote. Where do you think my wife picked up her fashionable airs and graces? Ho! ho! On the stage! The highest

branch of the profession, sir—a tragic actress. If you had seen her in Lady Macbeth, Mrs. Vimpany would have made your flesh creep. Look at me, and feast your eyes on a man who is above hypocritical objections to the theatre. Haven't I proved it by marrying an actress? But we don't mention it here. The savages in this beastly place wouldn't employ me, if they knew I had married a stage-player. Hullo! the bottle's empty again. Ha! here's another bottle, full. I love a man who has always got a full bottle to offer his friend. Shake hands. I say, Mountjoy, tell me on your sacred word of honour, can you keep a secret? My wife's secret, sir! Stop! let me look at you again. I thought I saw you smile. If a man smiles at me, when I am opening my whole heart to him, by the living jingo, I would knock that man down at his own table! What? you didn't smile? I apologise. Your hand again; I drink your health in your own good wine. Where was I?—What was I talking about?"

Mountjoy carefully humoured his interesting guest. "You were about to honour me," he said, "by taking me into your confidence." Mr. Vimpany stared in tipsy bewilderment. Mountjoy tried again, in plainer language: "You were going to tell me a secret."

This time, the doctor grasped the idea. He looked round cunningly to the door. "Any eavesdroppers?" he asked. "Hush! Whisper—this is serious—whisper! What?



was it I was going to tell you? What was the secret, old boy?"

Mountjoy answered a little too readily: "I think it related to Mrs. Vimpany."

Mrs. Vimpany's husband threw himself back in his chair, snatched a dirty handkerchief out of his pocket, and began to cry.

"Here's a false friend!" the creature whimpered. "Asks me to dinner, and takes advantage of my dependent situation to insult my wife. The loveliest of women, the sweetest of women, the innocentest of women. Oh, my wife! my wife!" He suddenly threw his handkerchief to the other end of the room, and burst out laughing. "Ho! ho! Mountjoy, what an infernal fool you must be to take me seriously! I can act, too. Do you think I care about my wife? She was a fine woman once; she's a bundle of old rags now. But she has her merits. Hush! I want to know something. Have you got a lord among your circle of acquaintance?"

Experience made Mountjoy more careful; perhaps a little too careful. He only said "Yes."

The doctor's dignity asserted itself. "That's a short answer, sir, to a man in my position. If you want me to believe you, mention your friend's name."

Here was a chance at last! "His name," Mountjoy began, "is Lord Harry."

Mr. Vimpany lost his dignity in an instant. He struck his heavy fist on the table, with a blow that made the tumblers jump.

"Coincidence!" he cried. "How wonderful—no; that's not the word—providential is the word—how providential are coincidences! I mean, of course, to a rightly constituted mind. Let nobody contradict me! When I say a rightly

your ear; they'll kill him. Do you ever bet? Five to one, he's a dead man before the end of the week. When is the end of the week? Tuesday, Wednesday—no, Saturday—that's the beginning of the week—no, it isn't—the beginning of the week isn't the Sabbath—Sunday, of course—we are not Christians, we are Jews—I mean we are Jews, we are not Christians—I mean."

The claret got the better of his tongue, at last. He mumbled and muttered; he sank back in his chair; he chuckled; he hiccupped; he fell asleep.

All and more than all that Mountjoy feared, he had now discovered. In a state of sobriety, the doctor was probably one of those men who are always ready to lie. In a state of intoxication, the utterances of his drunken delirium might unconsciously betray the truth. The reason which he had given for Lord Harry's continued absence in Ireland could not be wisely rejected as unworthy of belief. It was in the reckless nature of the wild lord to put his own life in peril, in the hope of revenging Arthur Mountjoy on the wretch who had killed him. Taking this bad news for granted, was there any need to distress Iris by communicating the motive which detained Lord Harry in his own country? Surely not!

And, again, was there any immediate advantage to be gained by revealing the true character of Mrs. Vimpany, as a spy, and worse still a spy who was paid? In her present state of feeling Iris would, in all probability, refuse to believe it.

Arriving at these conclusions, Hugh looked at the doctor snoring and choking in an easy chair. He had not wasted the time and patience devoted to the stratagem which had now successfully reached its end. After what he had just heard—thanks to the claret—he could not hesitate to accomplish the speedy removal of Iris from Mr. Vimpany's house; using her father's telegram as the only means of persuasion on which it was possible to rely. Mountjoy left the inn without ceremony, and hurried away to Iris in the hope of inducing her to return to London with him that night.

(To be continued.)

## POETS AT DINNER.

An enthusiastic critic who writes of Shelley's poetry, under the degrees of comparison, as precious, more precious, and most precious, has called that poet's Epipsychidion "a sort of celestial grape." I do not know at present what a celestial grape is, and, owing doubtless to ignorance, am more than content with the purple clusters sent from a friend's hothouse. To feed on honey-dew and drink the milk of paradise may be angels' food; but your mortal poet prefers a steak and a glass of burgundy. Of all men he is the most human, and knows as well as any alderman or public speaker how to gain moral as well as physical support from a good dinner. No fine poetry was ever written since the world began on bread and water. The imagination is a subtle faculty, as rare as it is exquisite; but it owes much to the butcher, and a little—if Sir Wilfrid Lawson will allow me to say so—to the wine merchant. There can be no greater contrast than between a noble poem that sends the blood bounding as we read it and a mutton chop, yet the connection of the two is intimate. Wine in this naughty world has, probably, done far more harm than good; but to the temperate man, wine, like meat, is a gladdener of the heart, and poets who have known how to use it wisely may have found it give fibre and colour to their verse. I am not sure of this, however, and do not forget that Horace, although he praised wine, drank water; that Milton rarely took wine; that Wordsworth and Shelley were water-drinkers; and that Shakespeare, who was not one, leaves it to his greatest villain to call "good wine a good familiar creature if it be well used." But Shakespeare was the last man in the world to despise a good dinner, and when he and his brother poets were at the Mermaid we may be sure that the words described by one of them as—

So nimble and so full of subtle flame  
As if that everyone from whence they came  
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest

were not uttered before the cloth was laid. Ben Jonson, who must often have met Shakespeare there, was greatly too fond of what is foolishly called good living. He might have acted Falstaff, for he loved sack as much, and, like Sir John, had a "mountain belly" and an enormous waist. "Rare Ben," indeed, ruined his health by his excesses, and ought to have known better, for his works are weighty with poetic wisdom. Poets are sad liars, and Jonson was the last man in the world to tell his Celia that if she left a kiss in the cup he would not look for wine. He loved tavern-life, the club-life of his day; and his disciple Herrick, who sang of love and wine with a luxuriance of fancy, a sweetness of versification, and too often with a coarseness that must have appeared intolerable even in a coarse age, asks Ben in one of his bright lyrics when his guests are to feast again at The Dog or the Triple Tun—

Where we such clusters had,  
As made us nobly wild, not mad!  
And yet each verse of thine  
Outdid the neat, outdid the frolic wine.

Herrick and Milton were contemporaries; but Herrick, though a clergyman by profession, was a Pagan at heart, and the great Puritan poet gained his inspiration from other sources. He was a grand man, but he was not lovable or social. Yet Milton, although very abstemious, and "not fastidious in his choice of meats," shows, in addressing his friend Lawrence, his appreciation of a refined dinner—

What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice  
Of Attic taste with wine, whence we may rise  
To hear the lute well touch'd?

Dryden, who presided at Will's, the "great coffee-house," frequented, as Pepys says, by all the wits of the town, where when a youth Pope saw him, no doubt understood how to dine there. Pope, the most frail of men, loved the delicacies of the table not wisely but too well. His talk of "luxurious lobster nights" in London may have been a poetical fancy; but it is well known that he pampered his appetite, and some of his friends, according to Johnson, imputed his death to "a silver sancepan in which it was his delight to heat potted lampreys." Most of Pope's friends, by-the-way, whether poets or prose men, lived intemperately. Fenton, who helped him to translate the Odyssey, "died of a great chair and two bottles of port a day." Arbuthnot, according to Lord Chesterfield, "indulged his palate to excess." Parnell is said to have died from drinking, and Gay from the union of gluttony and intemperance. It is certain that neither the wits, poets, nor poetsasters of the last century understood the virtue of plain living. They thought to stimulate their intellect by excess, instead of strengthening it by the moderate enjoyment indispensable for the brain-worker. Dr. Johnson, whose regard for a good dinner was unbounded, knowing he could not drink wine in moderation, wisely abstained altogether; but he was immoderate still, and Mrs. Thrale often sat up until the early morning hours making tea for this thirsty soul. And it was the cup that does not inebriate that Cowper, like Shelley after him, loved best. The Olney poet dined with Mrs. Unwin daily, and glad was he when his friend Hill diversified the

meal with fish; but I do not think that Cowper, despite the beauty of his verse and his fine humour, depended upon his dinner as much as most versemen. The meal made at an early hour alone with Mrs. Unwin did not deserve the name. There was nothing stimulating about it. To feed is not necessarily to dine.

In our century, Rogers, who gave some of the best dinners in London, welcomed a large number of poets at his table in St. James's-place. Scott, Moore, Campbell, and Crabbe could eat and drink as well as talk, and so occasionally could Wordsworth when not too full of his own poetry. In London he was supposed to be holiday-making. When he was "booing about" and writing verse at home, dinner was neglected. Indeed, a friend said, "The Wordsworths never dine when they are hungry, they go to a closet and eat." I always think that Wordsworth's poetry, incomparably lovely as it is when he has on his singing robes, does want just a little more of the flesh and blood which betoken generous living. I am sure that this, though in a much larger measure, is the defect of Shelley's lyrics, if one dare hint at a defect in verse which sets half his critics raving. The disregard of dinner was not a pretence upon Shelley's part; but Lord Byron, who did not like to see women eat, sometimes, if Rogers may be believed, played an affected part himself at the dinner-table. "When we sat down to dinner," Rogers says, "I asked Byron if he would take soup. 'No; he never took soup.' 'Would he take some fish?' 'No; he never took fish.' Presently, I asked if he would eat some mutton. 'No; he never ate mutton.' I then asked if he would take a glass of wine. 'No; he never tasted wine.' It was now necessary to inquire what he did eat and drink, and the answer was 'Nothing but hard biscuits and soda-water. Unfortunately, neither hard biscuits nor soda-water was at hand, and he dined upon potatoes bruised down upon his plate, and drenched with vinegar. . . . I did not then know what I now know to be a fact, that Byron after leaving my house had gone to a club in St. James's-street and eaten a hearty meat supper."

One may venture to assert that if the poet wrote any good verses that night it must have been after he had supped. He attempted once to write an ode after a meal of biscuits and soda-water, and the poem had a false ring about it in consequence.

To sit at poets' tables is a pleasure when they keep good cooks and do not imitate Burke by thinking more of arguments than of food. It is nonsense to talk of the feast of reason and the flower of soul before dinner. These are the good things that come afterwards with coffee and cigarettes. Pure mocha and smoke are the breeders of fancy, the inspirers of wit, the promoters of social intercourse. The nervous feeling that so often makes Englishmen reserved, disappears under their benign influence, and your man of prose becomes for the nonce half a poet. It is not your finest poet that is always the best companion at dinner, any more than the ablest man of letters is the best talker; but I think since Shakspeare died there is no great man of genius I would have rather dined with than Sir Walter Scott; and, although I have dined with many a living poet, I confess that a dinner at which I was not present leaves the strongest impression on my fancy. Not that there is any description of it. Where it took place even I do not know, but I am sure that no man receiving the invitation given by Tennyson to F. D. Maurice could have delayed long in accepting it. And think of what the talk must have been between men so rarely and so diversely gifted!

Come when no graver cares employ—  
Godfather, come and see your boy:  
Your presence will be sun in winter,  
Making the little one leap for joy.  
You'll hear no scandal while you dine,  
But honest talk and wholesome wine;  
And only hear the magic gossip,  
Garrulous under a roof of pine.

J. D.

## ROYAL MILITARY ACADEMY.

The Duke of Cambridge on July 26 awarded commissions to the gentlemen cadets who have successfully completed their studies at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich.

The report of the Director-General of Education stated that sixty-five cadets had gone up for examination and sixty-four had passed, in addition to a young Egyptian gentleman, named Azziz Izzet Bey, who had been attached to the Academy at the request of his Government for two years, and had taken a position equal to the forty-third on the list. The reports of the examiners in the several departments of study were appended, and were all more or less satisfactory.

Colonel Harness then called out the prize-winners to receive their rewards at the hands of the Duke of Cambridge. The rare distinction of receiving both the gold medal for proficiency and the sword for exemplary conduct fell to the share of the senior under-officer, Cadet J. M. C. Colvin, who also took a prize for mathematics. The following were the other recipients of prizes: W. E. R. Dickson, for fortifications and for German; D. M. Griffiths, for military topography; A. H. Cunningham, for drills; F. H. C. Burne, for artillery, for tactics, and for chemistry; W. A. Watts-Jones, for French; B. M. Tod-Merier, for gymnastics; W. H. B. Jacob, for military administration and law; R. B. Fife, for landscape drawing; and R. A. Bright, for riding. Gentleman Cadet W. B. Emery was awarded the Tombs Memorial Scholarship, which is always given to the senior cadet for the Royal Artillery.

The Duke of Cambridge, having presented the commissions in the Royal Artillery and Royal Engineers, congratulated the cadets on their good conduct and success, and expressed himself highly pleased with the manner in which they had acquitted themselves on parade.

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The claret got the better of his tongue at last.

constituted mind, I speak seriously; and a young man like you will be all the better for it. Mountjoy! dear Mountjoy! jolly Mountjoy! my wife's lord is your lord—Lord Harry. No; none of your nonsense—I won't have any more wine. Yes, I will! It might hurt your feelings if I didn't drink with you. Pass the bottle. Ha! That's a nice ring you've got on your finger. Perhaps you think it valuable? It's nothing, sir; it's dross, it's dirt, compared to my wife's diamond pin! There's a jewel, if you like! It will be worth a fortune to us when we sell it. A gift, dear sir. I'm afraid I've been too familiar with you. Speaking as a born gentleman, I beg to present my respects, and I call you 'dear sir.' Did I tell you the diamond pin was a gift? It's nothing of the sort; we are under no obligation; my wife, my admirable wife, has earned that diamond pin. By registered post; and what I call a manly letter from Lord Harry. He is deeply obliged (I give you the sense of it) by what my wife has done for him; ready-money is scarce with my lord; he sends a family jewel, with his love. Oh, I'm not jealous. He's welcome to love Mrs. Vimpany, in her old age, if he likes. Did you say that, sir? Did you say that Lord Harry, or any man, was welcome to love Mrs. Vimpany? I have a great mind to throw this bottle at your head. No, I won't; it's wasting good wine. How kind of you to give me good wine! Who are you? I don't like dining with a stranger. Do you know any friend of mine? Do you know a man named Mountjoy? Do you know two men named Mountjoy? No; you don't. One of them is dead; killed by those murdering scoundrels—what do you call them? Eh, what?" The doctor's voice began to falter, his head dropped; he slumbered suddenly, and woke suddenly, and began talking again suddenly. "Would you like to be made acquainted with Lord Harry? I'll give you a sketch of his character before I introduce him. Between ourselves, he's a desperate wretch. Do you know why he employed my wife, my admirable wife? You will agree with me; he ought to have looked after his young woman himself. We've got his young woman safe in our house. A nice girl. Not my style; my medical knowledge certifies she's cold-blooded. Lord Harry has only to come over here, and find her. Why the devil doesn't he come? What is it keeps him in Ireland? Do you know? I seem to have forgotten. My own belief is I've got softening of the brain. What's good for softening of the brain? There isn't a doctor living who won't tell you the right remedy—wine. Pass the wine. If this claret is worth a farthing, it's worth a guinea a bottle. I ask you in confidence; did you ever hear of such a fool as my wife's lord? His name escapes me. No matter; he stops in Ireland—hunting. Hunting what? The fox? Nothing so noble; hunting assassins. He's got some grudge against one of them. Means to kill one of them. A word in



## BOOKS OF TRAVEL.

*The Land of the Dragon: My Boating and Shooting Excursions to the Gorges of the Upper Yang-tze.* By William Spencer Percival, H.B.M.'s Civil Service, China (Hurst and Blackett).—The "Dragon," whose terrific effigy leaps in bright gold on the cover of this volume, is the noted emblem of the vast and would-be venerable Chinese Empire. The author, after an official residence of eight years at Shanghai, which has many comforts of European civilisation but a depressing climate, and having now sixteen years' acquaintance with the Chinese, went up the great river in 1887 for health and pleasure. His description of its scenery and inhabitants may be instructively compared with those given by Mr. Archibald John Little, in a book published last year by Messrs. Sampson Low and Co., "Through the Yang-tze Gorges; or, Trade and Travel in Western China." Mr. Little, a merchant at Shanghai, had sailed two or three years earlier from Hankow, in an ordinary Chinese river-boat, and had reached the important trading city of Chung-king, in the fertile and populous province of Szechuen, with which he hoped to establish commercial intercourse. His project of placing steamers to ply on that part of the river between I-chang and Chung-king, about 420 miles, was adopted by shareholders in London, but has been unreasonably obstructed by Chinese administrative officials, though fully justified by the diplomatic convention of 1876. Mr. Little's book is a good one, and Mr. Percival's book is also worth reading. The Yang-tze-kiang, one of the greatest rivers in the world, is the natural highway from east to west through the interior of China. Its navigation, which is free to all foreigners by treaty, ought to give easy access to those provinces which it is hoped to approach from Burmah. The opening of steam navigation from Shanghai to Hankow, a distance of six hundred miles, quadrupled the trade of the former port. I-chang, about four hundred miles above Hankow, is the gate leading up to the more elevated region, from which the mighty river, narrowed to five hundred yards, but of great depth and force, descends through mountain glens and gorges of romantic aspect. This region has not yet been perfectly explored, in all parts, by European travellers, though we remember giving some illustrations of its river scenery nearly a quarter of a century ago. We still find Mr. Percival's description of it, after those supplied by Mr. Little, sufficiently fresh and interesting, as he was free to linger and ramble on the banks of the river, and to indulge in sporting adventures. Having no commercial object in view, he did not go beyond the upper edge of that belt of picturesque highlands, river-gorges, cliffs, and rapids which divide the secluded province of Szechuen from Hupieh. The gorges of I-chang, Lukan, Mitau, and Wu-shan, scenes of wild and savage grandeur, must have been an inspiring change from the tedious level of the plains in the lower course of the river. Even the risk of being sunk in a whirlpool may have had its charms after living at Shanghai. The prodigious caverns, the forests, the flowery valleys, and the crystal streams were very different from ordinary notions of Chinese scenery. A Buddhist cave-temple, half-way up the vertical face of the lofty rock at San-yue-tung, was visited by Mr. Percival and his companion: it was one of many curious sights.

*Gleanings from Japan.* By W. G. Dickson (W. Blackwood and Sons).—The desultory and superficial observations of passing travellers who spend a few weeks in Japan leave room for more complete treatises on that interesting country and nation, especially on the wonderfully rapid changes in its domestic condition during the last quarter of a century. A great mass of solid information, methodically arranged and seeming to be minutely precise in detail, is presented in the laborious work of Professor J. J. Rein, compiled at the cost of the Prussian Government, an English translation of which was published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton in 1884. It contains as much as any reader can want of the physical geography and natural history of the islands, the provinces, cities, and towns, the political constitution, the history of the Japanese nations for more than two thousand years; the ancient dynasties, the rule of the Shoguns (incorrectly called Tycoons) during two centuries and a half, and the revolution of 1868, by which the feudal system was overthrown, and the Mikado was restored to actual governing power. Many accounts of the habits, manners, and customs of the people have been written; and we have been furnished with specimens of their entertaining literature, fables, legends, and romances, and with abundant examples of their designs in art. The author of this volume, who knew Japan a long while ago, and had produced a treatise of his own concerning its State institutions, revisited that country in 1884 and 1885; and his comparisons of it, present with its former aspects have some value. They occur, however, mostly in a tour of the chief cities and places of note in the principal island, where he made remarks which are not inappropriately called "Gleanings," after the larger harvest of knowledge already stored up in print. Their chief merit is that of being founded on a considerable acquaintance with the topics he has to discuss, unlike the crude and hasty impressions of many other tourists; and he was assisted too by a native friend, the late Otomo Sadajiro, who was learned in the affairs of his people. We could hardly expect much to remain hitherto untold of the new capital city, Tokio, which used to be named Yedo; of Kioto, the late capital, which is a far more characteristic and convenient city; of the famous temples and shrines of Nikko, the brisk and busy mercantile town of Osaka, and the beautiful shores of the Inland Sea. Instead of repeating the descriptions of those places, Mr. Dickson, having seen them before, comments on the altered condition of Japan. The Shogoon and the Daimios are gone, and their palaces are abandoned to decay, while the Mikado displays no great pomp, and his Court has put on, with some awkwardness, the European fashion of dress. The Buddhist religion is disestablished and disendowed; one of the most instructive documents preserved in the volume is the worldly-wise remonstrance of five eminent ecclesiastics, heads of different sects of that once wealthy clergy, who show that the abolition of their Church will deprive many classes of the Mikado's subjects of their accustomed means of living, and will thus impoverish the State. The disbandment of the numerous armed retainers of the Daimios, the powerful feudal aristocracy finally crushed in the civil war of the Satsuma rebellion, is said to have had a similar effect. Japan has apparently lost some of the historic elements of rather barbaric splendour which distinguished its feudal constitution under the Shogoon; while the Mikado, a Sovereign who relies on the support of the democracy, cannot afford the outward

signs of Imperial magnificence on an imposing scale. It would be rash to predict the future of a country in such a peculiar situation; but Mr. Dickson thinks it likely that the democratic movement will hereafter proceed to further developments. The national independence of Japan is well assured, in his opinion, by the improved military skill and the patriotic spirit of its people.

*Wanderings of a Globe-Trotter in the Far East.* By the Hon. Lewis Wingfield. Two vols. (R. Bentley and Son).—China, Japan, and the Philippine Islands are the "Far East" of Mr. Lewis Wingfield's "Wanderings"; but the first twenty pages are filled with an impassioned diatribe on the sultry heat of the voyage through the Straits of Malacca, and an indistinct vision of Singapore, glowing through the haze of an oppressive tropical atmosphere. It is difficult, in these days, to tell us anything new about Hong-Kong, Canton, Shanghai, Peking, and the Great Wall of China; but the vivacity of this writer is not daunted by acquaintance with the observations of ordinary travellers. The queer, grotesque, and ludicrous aspect of Chinese customs, the "bland and childlike, if diabolically ingenious," character of Chinamen, afford him not a little amusement. He has a sharp eye for dilapidation, squalor, and dirt; a nose very sensitive to bad smells; and a stomach which rises indignantly at the strange food of Eastern Asiatic nations. He was now and then mobbed as a "foreign devil" in his solitary rambles around the great cities of China, and his report of the manners of the people is extremely unfavourable. Japan was likewise, on the whole, disappointing to Mr. Lewis Wingfield; he found the people very cleanly, civil, and obliging, but very noisy, and could get no sleep in their houses with thin paper walls. The climate is rainy and damp, the verdure of the landscape is monotonous; Tokio, the present capital, is a city of mean and ugly appearance, though Kioto, the former capital, has magnificent temples and palaces, now almost deserted. The grand Shinto temples of Nikko, situated amid romantic hill and forest scenery, are well described, and the severe hydropathic establishment at Kusatsu, with its medicinal vitriolic hot-water baths. Mr. Lewis Wingfield inspected the Chinese and Japanese prisons; but some readers will care more for his remarks on fashions of costume, and on national styles of art; he deplores the

Mr. De Windt and Mr. Lancaster achieved, traversing the vast extent of the Russian dominions in Asia, and coming home to Europe through Siberia, arriving at Moscow from Perm, near the Ural Mountains, by Kasan and Nijni Novgorod. The Mongolian and Siberian parts of this long journey, occupying the months of July, August, and September, 1887, present many features of sufficient novelty to recommend Mr. De Windt's book. Our attention is particularly engaged by the importance of the constant traffic between Russia and China along the caravan route from Kalgan, a large town on the Great Wall, five days' journey from Peking, across the Mongolian desert to Kiakhta and Lake Baikal. The English travellers, with ponies, camels, and three Mongol servants, whom they named Moses, Aaron, and Sylvia—though Sylvia was a boy—and with a Chinese interpreter, Jee Boo, found this route tedious and fatiguing, but it is safe from molestation by the pastoral Mongol tribes. Ourga, the Mongolian capital, and the sacred abode of the Kootookta, who is a kind of Buddhist Deputy Pope holding a delegated ecclesiastical authority from the Grand Lama of Thibet, is one of the strangest places in Asia. The town is full of shrines, prayer-flags, and praying-wheels, big and little, assiduously plied by all men and women as they pass along the streets; it is a very religious, but a very immoral, city, abounding in naked beggars, lazy monks, wild dogs, and vultures, which latter are allowed to devour the corpses of dead persons left on the ground. In the chief temple there is a huge statue of Buddha, all of gilt bronze, whose hand measures six feet in length, while the head rises to the roof of a lofty dome; it is surrounded by a thousand smaller gilt idols, with large pendent flags of silk embroidered in gold. Leaving Ourga, the description of which city exceeds all other wonders, the author went on two hundred miles to Kiakhta, the frontier town of the Russian Empire, and thenceforth was always in the presence of tokens of European civilisation. He frequently acknowledges the courtesy and hospitality of the superior class of Russian officials. Among these, if not among the Russian and Jewish merchants and mining speculators of Siberia, there are many cultivated and agreeable persons; but gambling, pecculation, drunkenness, and other vices seem to be rife in communities so far removed from the social restraints of life in Europe. Lake Baikal, with the important city of Irkutsk, the metropolis of Eastern Siberia and the centre of a gold-producing district, was next visited by Mr. De Windt and his companion, who sojourned there until Aug. 24, observing too many signs of a relaxed and reckless state of society. It is, perhaps, not unlike that which for a time prevailed, as we are told, in the early days of colonisation, in some Australian and American regions, before they settled down to orderly and sober ways. The existence of penal establishments for convicts in Siberia has probably been, so far, not less injurious to the quality of its colonisation than formerly was a similar institution in New South Wales. But of this we may learn more from other writers on Siberia. Mr. De Windt's further travels in that country were hurried, and he could not investigate the truth of all the reports that he heard. His route lay by Krasnoyarsk to Tomsk, and down the Obi River, then up the Irtysh to Tobolsk, on to Tiumen, Ekaterinburg, and Perm; which are places already known to readers of ordinary books of travel. Siberia has, we believe, a great future of real prosperity to be expected within the next half-century, or in a much shorter period.

## THE SAMARITAN FREE HOSPITAL.

The Prince of Wales, on Wednesday, July 24, laid the foundation-stone of the new building which is being erected by the managers of the Samaritan Free Hospital for Women and Children in the Marylebone-road. When completed the new hospital will accommodate fifty more patients than can now be taken in at the branches in Lower Seymour-street and in the Marylebone-road; and, as the leases fall in, provision has been made for acquiring some adjoining property, on which it is proposed to make a further extension, which will bring the total accommodation up to 100 patients.

The ceremony took place under a marquee erected over the site of the new premises. The Prince was accompanied by the Princess of Wales and Princesses Victoria and Maud. Lord Selborne presented an address to the Royal visitors, and the Prince, in acknowledging it, referred to the work of the hospital. He said the best proof of the good which had been done was that during the past thirty-one years 1146 women had been cured of dangerous diseases.

After a religious service, conducted by the Bishop of Marlborough, the Prince laid the stone. The Princess of Wales received purses of money, to the amount of £1200, in aid of the funds of the hospital. Among those present were Lord Lawrence, Lady Ebury, Sir J. H. Johnson (treasurer to the hospital), Lord Charles Beresford, Sir G. Duckworth King, Sir T. Chambers, Sir T. Spencer Wells, Mr. F. Seager Hunt, M.P., Mr. E. Boulnois, M.P., and the Dean of Lichfield.

## NEW SHIPS FOR THE NAVY.

It has been officially announced at the Admiralty that the names for the ships building and to be built under the ship-building programme will be as follows: First-class battle-ships (eight)—Barbettes: The Ramilies, Renown, Repulse, Resolution, Revenge, Royal Oak, and Royal Sovereign. Turret: The Hood. Second-class battle-ships (two)—Barfleur and Centurion. First-class cruisers (nine)—Centaur, Crescent, Edgar, Endymion, Gibraltar, Grafton, Hawke, St. George, and Theseus. Second-class cruisers (twenty-nine)—Andromache, Æolus, Apollo, Astræa, Bonaventure, Brilliant, Cambrian, Charybdis, Flora, Forte, Fox, Hermione, Indefatigable, Intrepid, Iphigenia, Latona, Melampus, Naiad, Pique, Rainbow, Retribution, Sappho, Scylla, Sirius, Spartan, Sybille, Terpsichore, Thetis, Tribune. Pandora class (four)—Pallas, Pearl, Philomel, and Phoebe. Torpedo gun-boats (eighteen)—Alarm, Antelope, Circe, Dryad, Halcyon, Harrier, Hazard, Hebe, Hussar, Jason, Jaseur, Leda, Niger, Onyx, Renard, Speedy, Gossamer, and Gleamer.

The Court of Common Council have sent 50 gs. to the Hon. Alfred Lyttelton for the Children's Country Holiday Fund.

The British Association for the Advancement of Science will hold its next meeting at Newcastle-on-Tyne from Sept. 11 to 19, Professor Flower, C.B., &c., being the president.

Deputy Surgeon-General Rice has been appointed to succeed Sir Benjamin Simpson as Sanitary Commissioner and Surgeon-General to the Government of India, upon the latter's retirement.



THE SAMARITAN FREE HOSPITAL FOR WOMEN AND CHILDREN, MARYLEBONE-ROAD.

rapid decay of skill, taste, and invention, owing to European influences, and sees little to admire in modern Japanese work, except the merely decorative. His chapters on Japanese theatrical performances are the best part of his book. Manila, a dull Spanish commercial town, the islands of Negros, Cebu, and Mindanao, and those of the Sooloo Archipelago, were visited at the end of his voyages to the "Far East," which occupied more than a twelvemonth, and which seem to have yielded him but small enjoyment in seeing that part of the world.

*From Peking to Calais by Land.* By H. De Windt (Chapman and Hall).—The whole breadth of the continents of Europe and Asia, or nearly the whole breadth, including a hundred and twenty degrees of longitude, with a difference in latitude of ten degrees between Calais and Peking, is as great a continuous land-journey as the most enterprising globe-trotter will find space to perform on the surface of our comparatively diminutive planet. It is not long since the undaunted American bicyclist, Mr. Thomas Stevens, having started from the French coast just opposite to our shores, with the bold intention of riding all the way to the Far East of China upon his pair of wheels, revolving by the muscular energy of his natural limbs, travelled thereby to the city of Teheran, in Persia, and narrated his adventures in an entertaining book. His further attempt, in the year 1866, to ride in like manner from Teheran to Peking, crossing the steppes of Turkestan or the forbidden country of Thibet, Kashgar, the Desert of Gobi, and Mongolia, and the northern frontier of China to the Great Wall, did not prove successful. In a second volume, published last year by Messrs. Sampson Low and Co., which bears the somewhat misleading title "Around the World on a Bicycle," Mr. Stevens had to relate the circumstantial story of his failure to perform that extraordinary project. He did get to Peking, but not by an overland route. He managed well enough to journey with his mechanical steed, from Teheran, along the Meshed Pilgrim Road through Khorassan, a route which was made familiar to our own readers by the Sketches of Mr. William Simpson, our Special Artist, accompanying the Afghan Boundary Commission in 1884; but he was stopped by the official authorities in Afghanistan, detained at Herat, and sent back to Persia. He afterwards went to India, embarked in a steam-ship at Calcutta, and made the voyage by sea, like other people, to Singapore, Hong-Kong, and the ports of China and Japan.

A very different course of travel, and in the opposite direction, is that "from Peking to Calais by Land," which





VOLAGE.

HERCULES.

WARSPITE.

AJAX.

THE NAVAL REVIEW: FLEET ASSEMBLING AT SPITHEAD—SHIPS TAKING UP THEIR POSITION.





THE NAVAL REVIEW.—MANNING THE YARDS: "THE QUEEN'S COMING!"



## BENEVOLENT OBJECTS.

The Prince of Wales, with whom were the Princesses of Wales and Princesses Victoria and Maud, visited Marylebone on July 24, and laid the foundation-stone of a new building for the Samaritan Free Hospital. Subscriptions amounting to upwards of £1200 were received in purses by the Princess of Wales in aid of the building fund.—In the evening the Prince presided at the anniversary dinner of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, in the Great Hall of the institution.

The Sandringham Estate Cottage Horticultural Show, which is promoted by the Prince and Princess of Wales, was held on July 24 in Sandringham Park. Besides the usual exhibits, there were ornamental baskets of flowers and ferns, honey, and table decorations. By Royal permission, the entire grounds were thrown open, and excursion trains conveyed visitors from different parts of Norfolk.

Prince Albert Victor opened at Colchester on July 24 a military bazaar in aid of the Church of England Soldiers' Institute. The Royal visit was made the occasion of an interesting military and civic ceremony.

Princess Frederica of Hanover on July 24 opened some new Church schools, named after her Royal Highness, at College Park, Kensal-green. The schools have been erected by the Church Extension Association, in connection with the Christ Church Mission, College Park, for the accommodation of 750 boys, girls, and infants.

Lord Rosebery, as Chairman of the London County Council, on July 24 opened Clissold Park, Stoke Newington. The new public recreation ground comprises an area of upwards of fifty acres; and towards its purchase the Charity Commissioners contributed £47,500; the Metropolitan Board, £25,000; while the remainder of the necessary £96,000 was raised from the adjoining districts.

Lord Egerton of Tatton presided on July 24 at a special meeting of Grand Lodge of Mark Master Masons in the Hall, Red Lion-square. A communication was read by his Lordship from the Prince of Wales, Grand Master, announcing the resignation of the Grand Secretary, Mr. F. Binckes, and recommending him for a retiring allowance. On the motion of Lord Egerton of Tatton, seconded by the Earl of Euston, a retiring allowance of £125 a year was voted to Mr. Binckes. Mr. C. F. Matier, who had been appointed by the Prince of Wales to fill the vacancy in the secretaryship, was then invested with the insignia of his office. The chairman, in proposing "Prosperity to the Mark Benevolent Fund," reminded the company that the fund was started twenty-one years ago, and during the time it had been in existence it had done an immense deal of good in granting relief to the distressed, in furnishing annuities, and in educating and clothing the young. The subscriptions amounted to £2084.

On the same day the disused burial-ground of St. Martin's, abutting on Camden-street and Pratt-street, St. Pancras, was opened as a public garden by the Countess of Rosebery, accompanied by her husband. The ground has been tastefully laid out at a cost of £1400, half of which sum has been contributed by the Vestry of St. Pancras and half by the London County Council. At the same time, her Ladyship unveiled a memorial to Charles Dibdin, whose tomb, recently restored, is within the ground, which was formerly the burial-place for St. Martins-in-the-Fields.

Mr. Herbert De Stern has promised the trustees of the People's Palace, at Mile-End, £2000, to defray the cost of erecting a clock-tower and drinking-fountain in front of the palace, and adjacent to the Mile-End-road, in memory of his father, the late Baron De Stern.

As a result of her "At Home" in aid of the Children's Country Holiday Fund, Mrs. Peel has been able to transmit to the treasurer, the Hon. Alfred Lyttelton, over £160.

A gentleman in the diocese of St. Asaph, who does not wish his name to be published, has given the Bishop of St. Asaph a cheque for £500 towards a Clerical Education Fund, which the Bishop is anxious to set on foot, with the view of assisting and improving the means of education for those who intend to take orders in the diocese.

At the twenty-sixth anniversary festival in support of the United Waiters' Benevolent Association, held at the Holborn Restaurant, the subscriptions amounted to £55.

A unique feature at the Central London Throat and Ear Hospital, Gray's Inn-road, has been the educational treatment of sufferers from defects of speech which has from the first been carried out by Mr. William Van Praagh. At the recent annual meeting the committee passed a cordial vote of thanks to this gentleman for his arduous and gratuitous labours in this department, and, as a slight recognition of his unwearying kindness, presented him with a silver salver suitably inscribed.

An exhibition with the title of the Home and Health Exhibition was opened at the Kensington Townhall on July 25, and continued the two following days. Promoted by the Bread and Food Reform League, whose object is to show how greatly health and economy depend upon the use of suitable food, it consists of samples of different food, and of arrangements for preparing them, among the latter being a model dairy. Wheatmeal bread, which the League strongly advocates, occupies a prominent place. But to many visitors the most interesting portion of the exhibition was probably the potter working at his wheel. Each evening there was an entertainment of conjuring, instrumental and vocal music, dramatic recitals, and dissolving views illustrating the superior comfort of homes where food is wisely selected and prepared. On the 27th there was a conversazione, in which Dr. Dyce Brown, Dr. Hare, the Rev. Professor Henslow, Dr. Farquharson, M.P., Dr. Reade, and Miss Yates, secretary of the league, took part.

Lady Frances Trevelyan opened a two days' bazaar in the lecture-room of the Animals Institute, Kinnerton-street, Knightsbridge, on July 26, in aid of Lady Sandhurst's Cripples' Home and of the Hutton Home, Sunbury. Lady Frances Trevelyan, Lady Florence Pelham-Clinton, Lady Sandhurst, Mrs. Stather, Miss Beale, and Miss Flood Page managed stalls.

Hengrave Hall, an ancient and historic house, was offered for sale on July 25, at the Mart, Tokenhouse-yard, by Mr. W. J. Beadel, M.P., but was bought in at £115,000, the first bid being £80,000.—On the same day, at the Station Hotel, York, Messrs. Rushworth and Stevens offered for sale, on behalf of the Crown, the Cundall Manor Estate, Yorkshire, comprising Cundall Hall and ten farms. The bidding commenced at £15,000, and Mr. Charles Furness, West Hartlepool, was declared the purchaser at £34,000.

Mr. William Scott, the oldest employé of Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode, died recently at the age of ninety-five. He entered the service of the firm as reading-boy when he was eleven years of age. By perseverance and natural ability he worked his way up till he became manager of their Government printing department. He was for over sixty years in active service without being once absent on account of illness, and then retired on a pension from the firm. At the time of his death he had been in the pay of Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode for over eighty-four years.

## MUSIC.

## ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

As already stated, the season of this establishment closed on July 27, the performance having been a repetition of Gounod's "Roméo et Juliette" in the original French version, as produced by Mr. Augustus Harris on June 15, for the first time in this country in that shape. This production, and that of Wagner's "Die Meistersinger" for the first time in Italian in this country, have given special importance to the season just ended, which has also included performances of classical and popular operas in a style of musical and stage efficiency scarcely before equalled. Of the general results of the season we have recently spoken, and it only remains to express a hope that the rumour of a late autumnal operatic season under Mr. Harris's management may prove to be well founded; and that he may follow up the success obtained this summer by a similar result at the Royal Italian Opera in the season of 1890. In our recent résumé of the season just closed, mention should have been made of M. Seguin, who on several occasions contributed materially to the efficient performance of the operas with which he was associated. Mr. L. Crotty (for some time a distinguished member of the Carl Rosa Opera Company) also appeared under Mr. Harris's recent management.

Another remarkable series of Italian operatic performances closed on the same date as the Royal Italian Opera—the representations of Verdi's latest opera, "Otello," given at the Lyceum Theatre by the Milan company imported by Mr. M. L. Mayer. In our notice of the first London performance of the work, we commented on its many merits, and on the truly admirable performances of Signor Tamagno and M. Maurel, the original representatives, respectively, of Otello and Iago; other members of the company having been efficient in their respective characters. From the large audiences that have attended, there is reason to hope that Mr. Mayer has at least not lost by the large outlay that must have been incurred by his spirited enterprise. Repetitions of "Otello" will undoubtedly be looked for here, and can scarcely fail to prove remunerative on future occasions.

The Royal College of Music recently gave the last concert of the present term, when some effective performances were given by an orchestra consisting chiefly of present and past students, conducted by Professor Stanford. Miss M. Richardson and Mr. Magrath distinguished themselves by their delivery of vocal pieces, the young lady displaying especial promise. Another highly commendable performance was that of Miss E. Sharpe in Brahms's first pianoforte concerto.

The London Academy of Music—directed by Dr. Wylde—recently held its annual concert and presentation of medals and diplomas at St. George's Hall, the proceedings comprising a performance of Mr. W. Bendall's pleasing operetta "Quid pro Quo," the principal part well sustained by Miss Rosa Leo. Other meritorious performances were given by several students, and the awards (medals and certificates) were distributed by Mrs. Wylde in lieu of Madame Marie Roze, who was prevented by illness from appearing. The good results of Dr. Wylde's direction of the Academy and of the co-operation of the excellent professors engaged in the work of tuition were again manifested this year. Among the audience was Miss Macintyre, a former student, who, young as she is, has lately taken a high position as a prima donna on our Italian opera stage.

The Students' Orchestral Concert, given by the Royal Academy of Music, at St. James's Hall, on July 26, presented a programme of strong and varied interest. Weber's hymn, Englished as "In constant order works the Lord," displayed the good qualities of the choir (chiefly students), the solo vocal quartet consisting of Misses Wilson and Robinson and Messrs. Edmunds and Mayne; other vocalists who more or less distinguished themselves being Misses E. Squire and H. Meares and Messrs. D. Hughes and H. Ward. Commendable pianoforte performances were given by Misses K. Goodson, R. Meyer, and A. Tunks, and Mr. Lamb; and promising specimens of original composition were offered by Messrs. Drysdale, Nunn, and Steggall. Dr. Mackenzie, Principal of the Academy, officiated as conductor. The annual distribution of prizes to the successful students took place on July 27, when Countess De Grey made the awards.

On July 29 Mr. J. W. Turner's English Opera Company was announced to begin a short series of performances at the Princess's Theatre. The works promised for the first week were "Maritana," "The Bohemian Girl," "Fra Diavolo," and "The Lily of Killarney." During the brief interregnum in London music these performances should prove attractive.

Miscellaneous concerts are now becoming few in number. Among recent announcements of the kind were those of Herr Lehmeier, an esteemed pianist and professor; and Madame Sinico, the well-known operatic vocalist.

The next specialties in London music will be the Promenade Concerts at Covent-Garden Theatre, opening on Aug. 10; and performances of a similar kind at Her Majesty's Theatre, to begin early in the same month.

In our recent summary of the arrangements for the forthcoming Leeds Festival, it should have been stated that one of the new works composed for the occasion will be Dr. Parry's setting of Pope's ode to St. Cecilia's Day.

## REWARDS FOR BRAVERY.

The committee of the Royal Humane Society have completed a month's award of medals and other acknowledgments of bravery exhibited in saving life from drowning, the list being greater than has been submitted for a considerable time. No less than twenty-five medals have been granted. Only one silver medal has been voted, and that to Alexander Sutherland, for saving a boy of ten at Fénélon Falls, Canada, on May 11, he being brought insensible out of a rapid current into which he had fallen from a bridge while fishing. The bronze medals have been awarded to William Davies, miner; to Hugh Mitchell, to Adam Hooper and Henry Bowen, to William Jennison, to John Dibbs, to Richard Gordon, to Major Elliott, 3rd Bengal Cavalry; to Dr. Charles D'Alton, to William Binge, to Private Michael Howley, R.M.L.I.; to Police-constable Jesse Cowen, to George Light, to Park-constable George Gennery, to Private W. Willocks, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders; to Police-constable Rogers, to Gunner John Browning, R.A., to George Powell, to Hugh Broly, to Captain Gill, to Henry Bell, to John Fox, and to John Stevens. Testimonials recording services of the same kind have also been awarded.

The Parnell Commission stands adjourned over the Long Vacation. The inquiry will be resumed on the first day of next sittings, Oct. 24, when Sir Henry James, on behalf of the *Times*, will reply on the whole case.

The governors of the Royal Holloway College, Egham, have appointed to the vacant Lectureship in English Language and Literature Miss Lilian M. Faithfull, a distinguished student of Somerville Hall, Oxford, where she gained a first class in the Oxford Honour School of English Literature.

## THE NAVAL REVIEW AT SPITHEAD.

The fleet assembled for review at Spithead, for inspection on Saturday, Aug. 3, by his Majesty William II., King of Prussia and German Emperor, who arrived the day before, with the German naval squadron, and was the guest of her Majesty Queen Victoria at Osborne House, Isle of Wight, was the grandest display of the British Navy that has ever yet been witnessed.

The chief command of the proceedings in connection with the inspection was vested in Admiral Sir John E. Commerell, the Commander-in-Chief of the port, who on this occasion transferred his flag from the Duke of Wellington to the Howe. The whole fleet was divided into seven fleets and squadrons, distinguished by letters of the alphabet: first the A fleet, commanded by Rear-Admiral Sir George Tryon; then the B fleet, commanded by Vice-Admiral Baird; also the C squadron, under Rear-Admiral Tracey; the D squadron, from Plymouth; the E squadron, from the Downs and Sheerness; and the F squadron, from Hull; with the G squadron, from Leith, under command of Commodore Markham. The two fleets were to form divisions, subsequently to be engaged, after the review and inspection at Spithead, leaving that anchorage on Monday, Aug. 5, in the projected manœuvres on the western coasts of Great Britain and Ireland, representing probable naval operations, respectively, for the attack and for the defence of our shores, in the same manner as was done last year; but the appointment of the Admirals in command of the operations would be reversed. Vice-Admiral Baird (Northumberland), who last year was entrusted with the defence of our shores, will this year command the attacking or A division, having Rear-Admiral D'Arcy Irvine (Anson) as his second in command; while Admiral Tryon, who had previously charge of the Achill fleet, will assume command of the B division, and, with the assistance of Rear-Admiral Tracey (Northampton), will resist the enemy. The Downs, Plymouth, Hull, and Leith squadrons will be retained for the defence of the Channel, the entrance to the Thames, and the eastern coast.

The order in which the whole fleet was moored for the review at Spithead, every ship having taken up its position some days before, may here be detailed. It formed three lines: one line, moored along that side of the Channel which is near the mainland foreshore, towards Southsea and Portsmouth, consisted of the C, D, E, F, and G squadrons; the line in the middle of the Channel was formed by the B fleet; and the A fleet lay on the side next to the Isle of Wight.

The A fleet (or squadron, while the ships assembled for review were regarded as one fleet) was composed of the Howe, flag-ship of Sir John Commerell, Anson (flag-ship), Inflexible, Monarch, Iron Duke, Northumberland (flag-ship), Camperdown, Devastation, and Hero, battle-ships; the Immortalité, Australia, Calypso, Mersey, Arethusa, Iris, and Magicienne, cruisers; the Nymph, Curlew, Grasshopper, and Rattlesnake, gun-boats and first-class torpedo-vessels, and eight lesser torpedo-boats.

The B fleet consisted of the battle-ships Northampton (flag-ship), Neptune, Ajax, Invincible, Rodney, Collingwood, Hercules (flag-ship); the Warspite, Conqueror, and Shannon, cruisers; the Black Prince and Rupert, battle-ships; the Undaunted, Galatea, Narcissus, and Aurora, cruisers; the Forth, Thames, Mercury, Melpomene, Marathon, Medea, and Mohawk, second-class cruisers; the Sharpshooter, Sandfly, and Spider, first-class torpedo gun-boats; and ten small torpedo-boats.

The line on the side next the mainland shore was formed of the turret battle-ships Belleisle and Hotspur; the Cyclops, Gorgon, and Hecate, armoured coast-defence ships; the Hearty, despatch-vessel, and Plover, gun-boat, which were the C squadron; the cruisers Inconstant and Ragoon, and the coast-defence ship Prince Albert, being the D squadron; the cruiser Volage, coast-defence ships Glatton and Hydra, and gun-boats Trent, Slaney, and Medway, in the E squadron; the cruisers Ruby and Tartar, and the Elk and Medina gun-boats, from Hull, and the cruisers Active and Medusa, with the gun-boats Pigmy, Spey, Tees, and Watchful, and four torpedo-boats, making up the combined F and G squadrons under the Leith Commander.

The Hecla, surrounded by a multitude of first-class torpedo boats, was stationed on the starboard side of the A squadron, about half-way down the line, while the German squadron was moored in two lines in Osborne Bay.

In the German squadron, the Imperial yacht Hohenzollern was escorted by the Friedrich der Grosse and the Preussen, turret-ships, the Sachsen, Oldenburg, and Baden, barbette-ships, the Deutschland and Kaiser, central battery-ships, the Freya, corvette, and the Ziethen, Wacht, and Greif, despatch-vessels.

## THE ALBERT MEDAL.

The *Gazette* announces that the Queen has been pleased to confer the decoration of the "Albert Medal of the Second Class" on John Dinneen, chief mate of the steam-ship Albatross, of London. The following is an account of the services in respect of which the decoration has been conferred: On Nov. 4, 1888, the schooner Isabella Hall, of Barrow, stranded on the Tongue Sand, and the crew, having lost their boat in a heavy sea, were obliged to take to the rigging and wait for assistance. Next morning two boats were dispatched from two different steamers to their relief, but could not get near the wreck, owing to the heaviness of the sea, and the shipwrecked crew were in danger of losing their lives, when the steam-ship Albatross, of London, which was passing up Channel, dispatched a boat, manned by the chief mate, John Dinneen, and four seamen, who, notwithstanding strong warnings from the other boats of the danger of the attempt, rowed close to the wreck, and after nearly an hour's struggle threw a line on board and rescued one of the crew. He was scarcely got into the boat when a heavy sea nearly swamped her, and washed Dinneen and three seamen out of her. They, however, managed to regain the boat, and, baling her out, proceeded with their task, and finally succeeded in rescuing the remainder of the shipwrecked men. The service throughout was attended with very great risk and difficulty, and owed its success chiefly to the energy and determination of Dinneen, and his constant encouragement of his men.

Mr. R. G. Glenn, of the Inner Temple, has been appointed Recorder of the recently incorporated borough of Croydon.

In the Inner Temple the Masters of the Bench have awarded pupil scholarships of 100 guineas each to the undermentioned students as a result of the July examination on the subjects in which instruction has been given by the tutors of the Inn: common law, Mr. J. B. Matthews; equity, Mr. T. L. Atkinson; real property law, Mr. J. G. Joseph.

The spacious gardens of Lincoln's Inn are open to the public from 6.30 until dusk. Later on, when the Long Vacation begins, the time of opening will be from five o'clock. This privilege is intended more particularly for the benefit of the poor children inhabiting the surrounding densely populated districts. The gardens will continue open until the end of September.



OLD NAVAL REVIEWS.

The first great review of the British Navy took place in 1773, though from an early period of our national history there were inspections of portions of the fleet and of the various stations connected with the sea service.

By the time of Queen Anne, Spithead had become the great gathering-place of the British fleet. In Schomburg's *Naval Chronology* we read that on July 2, 1701, Sir George Rooke, the Admiral who took Gibraltar three years later, hoisted the Union flag on board the *Triumph* in the Downs, and proceeded to Spithead, where he was soon joined by the rest of the fleet, consisting of forty-eight ships of the line, besides frigates, fire-ships, and smaller vessels. Again, in 1729, we find the

King whose "floating castles roll, from sea to sea, from pole to pole"—

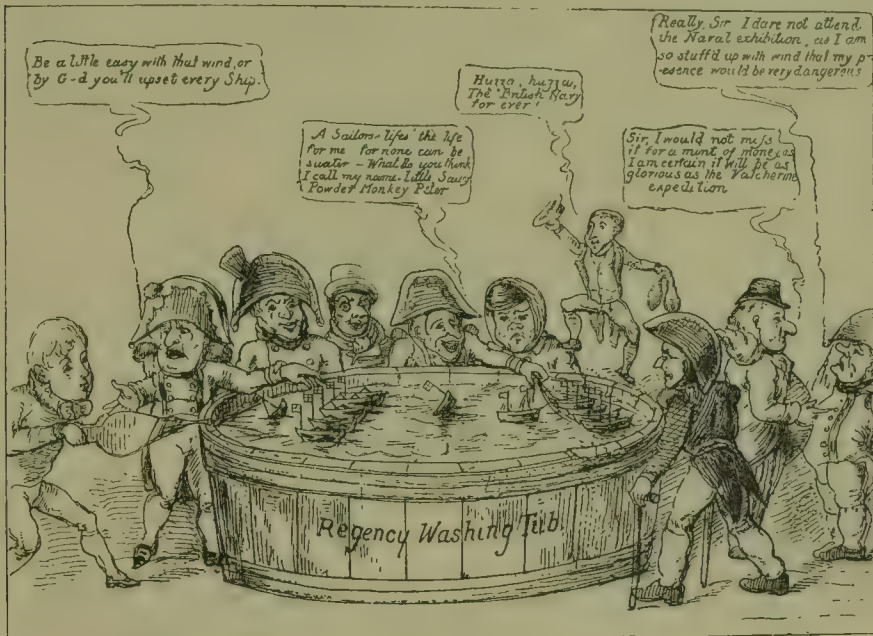
Neptune, with wonder, heard the story  
Of George's sway and Britain's glory,  
Which time shall ne'er subdue ;  
Boscawen's deeds and Saunders' fame  
Join'd with brave Wolfe's immortal name—  
Then cried, "Can this be true ?  
"A King ! he sure must be a god  
Who has such heroes at his nod  
To govern earth and sea :  
I yield my trident and my crown,  
A tribute due to such renown—  
Great George shall rule for me."

Between 1775 and 1778 the war in America went on, very much to the detriment of the British Crown. In the spring

action against the Dutch on the 5th of that month, when, as Dibdin sings—

And Parker on the Fog'er Bank  
The Dutch beat off the hinges.

The Vice-Admiral dined with King George and the Prince of Wales; in the evening they went on board the *Fortitude*, and all the Captains who were in action were presented to the King. Doubtless the conversation turned on the late fight. George III. was fond of asking questions, and his "What? What?" elicited further details. Then Sir Hyde Parker could not fail to dwell on the gallantry of both officers and men, upon which the gracious monarch would promise promotions, and to celebrate the good fortune of their officers the men doubtless received a double allowance of grog for the nonce.



## PLANNING THE GRAND NAVAL EXPEDITION.

combined English and Dutch fleets at Spithead; the former with twenty-two ships, the latter with eleven, the English ships being thus classed: seven third-rates, ten fourth-rates, two fire-ships, two bomb-vessels, and one sloop. This armament, however, was considered unusually great, for it is the subject of a large engraving. But these occasions do not seem to have been seized as affording opportunities for a general review, or for the performance of naval manœuvres.

An inspection of Deptford Dockyard, with a review of the ships, is the subject of the striking and effective print by Woollett, after R. Paton, which we reproduce. The scene depicted is, we judge, from the anchor on the roof of the barges and from the flag on the barge, that of the review by the First Lord of the Admiralty in 1771. Following the custom which was usually repeated in every review during the last century, the authorities were rowed round the ships in eight-oared barges, with colours flying. These barges were splendidly painted and gilded, and no doubt must have given a picturesque character to the scene.

During May, 1773, the Dockyard at Portsmouth and the Fleet at Spithead were very busy preparing for an event until then quite unprecedented—a great naval review conducted by the King in person. Twenty ships and three yachts were already there. King George III. arrived at Portsea on June 22, held a public levée at the Governor's house, and the Mayor, Recorder, Aldermen, and Burgesses of the town presented an address. He proceeded to Spithead, attended by the Board of Admiralty and by three Admirals—Pye, Edgecumbe, and Spry. His Majesty embarking on board the *Barfleur*, the flag of the Lord High Admiral was struck and the Royal standard was hoisted. There was a procession of barges, conveying the Board of Admiralty, flag-officers, and Captains, along the lines of the ships. Each vessel was again manned, the crew giving three cheers, while a salute was fired.

On Friday, June 25, his Majesty went from the dockyard at half-past five to view the new works and fortifications at Portsmouth. Then he embarked on board the Augusta and sailed out of the harbour. At Spithead the Vice-Admiral of the Blue got under sail and followed his Majesty. The King then proceeded to Sandown Bay, where the Royal standard was saluted by the castle. At a quarter to five the yacht worked up to Spithead, the Vice-Admiral and his division going to Plymouth. After the King had sailed along the line of ships remaining at Spithead, the Royal yacht stood towards the harbour and came to anchor about half a mile within Southsea Castle, where he was attended by the Admiral, Rear-Admiral, and all the Captains and Lieutenants of the fleet at Spithead. At ten o'clock, while the yacht lay at anchor, the *feu de joie* was fired from the ramparts of Southsea, immediately after which the Augusta weighed anchor, and, sailing into the harbour, landed his Majesty at the dock—the shores on both sides of the way being lined with innumerable multitudes of people, and the houses illuminated.

The exuberant loyalty of the time, no doubt greatly developed by George III.'s interest in the Navy, is well set forth in some verses, entitled "Neptune's Resignation." The winds inform Neptune of Hawke's great victory. In amazement, the god asks, "Who is he that dares usurp this power at sea?" and he is informed that "gallant Hawke, supremely great," only performs "the dread commands" of a

of 1778 news of a treaty between the revolted colonies and France had just been received. France and Spain were leagued with America against England. Their joint fleet of sixty ships seemed masters of the Channel, and threatened an invasion. The only event in America upon which King George could look with satisfaction was the victory gained by the fleet under Lord Howe, which led to the evacuation of New York by the Americans. This state of affairs will account for the King's indefatigable activity at this particular time with reference to the state of the British Navy. A fortnight after the death of Lord Chatham, George III., attended by the Earl of Sandwich, embarked on board the *Augusta* yacht at Greenwich, and visited the dockyards at Chatham and the ships at Sheerness. On May 2, accompanied by Queen Charlotte, his Majesty went to Portsmouth, and remained there several days. The King went on board Admiral Keppel's ship the *Prince George*, a ship of 90 guns, while the Queen, in a yacht, sailed round the fleet, the ships being manned and the crews cheering; after which the fleet saluted the Queen with twenty-one guns, as her yacht passed by the



PORTSMOUTH POINT.

AFTER AN OLD DRAWING BY ROWLANDSON.

Prince George. During his stay on board that vessel the King saw the men at their quarters going through their gunnery practice with both the great guns and the smaller arms; his Majesty also received all the Captains on the quarterdeck of this ship.

Concerning King George's naval review at Portsmouth in 1778 some carping critic wrote—

There should he see as other folks have seen  
That ships have anchors, and that seas are green ;  
Should own the tackling trim, the steamers line ;  
With Sandwich prattle, and with Bradshaw dine ;  
And then sail back, amid the cannon's roar,  
As safe, as safe, as when he left the shore.

In August, 1781, King George and George, Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., were inspecting the Dockyard at Chatham and sailing to the Nore to visit the squadron under Sir Hyde Parker, which had just arrived after its victorious

SH NEPTUNE RIDING TRIUMPHANT.

The whole story of that fearful struggle, tempered by the jovial, placable spirit of those marine bulldogs when again at peace, is vividly expressed in Dibdin's verse—

When the wild tumultuous battle,  
With horrid roar  
Laves decks with gore;  
When ranks the raking broadside clears,  
The tar, his country's cause espousing,  
Feels in his veins the lion rousing,  
And as he Freedom's standard rears  
He gorges Death's insatiate maw;  
But, quell'd the foe, ceas'd the loud rattle,  
The grog goes round,  
He hails the sound,  
The toast—humanity—three cheers!  
And jolly tars sing out Hurrah!

In 1789, George III., while the Regency Bill was under discussion, suddenly recovered from the first attack of his mental malady. It was, no doubt, with a view of confirming his improved state of health that the King, Queen, and Princesses made a long progress through Hants, Dorset, and Devonshire during the summer, coming to Plymouth on

Aug. 17 to witness a naval engagement, which was performed next day. They sailed through the Sound in the Southampton, the Royal family, the Lords of the Admiralty, the Admiral, and a few attendants being on board, and stood out to the squadron, then about four leagues in the offing, waiting his Majesty's arrival.

The Captains having been introduced to the King, the dispositions were made for a line of battle. After manœuvring for some time to bring each other to action, a furious cannonade began between the two Commodores. In about a quarter of an hour, both fleets wearing westward, the first line gave way, and was furiously assailed by the second and covered in its flight by M'Bride, its Commodore. The people on the shore thought it was all over; but they were mistaken, for the French line (as it was called) wore upon the larboard tack and faced the English with redoubled vigour. This continued till half-past one, when they were a second time obliged to give way, and then the whole fleet saluted the Southampton. In the evening the illuminations were brilliant.

The Royal family visited the Dockyard at Plymouth nothing went unnoticed by the King, the coppersmith of the ships especially attracting his attention. Next day he visited the Victualling Office, and was very particular in his inquiries

as to the quality of the provisions, tasting the biscuit, and ordering some beef to be sent to him. He then went to the Lower Fort, which he examined with great attention, and next visited the mines and other subterranean works.

Next days in the calendar are better marked in naval annals than June 1, 1794. People who forget where Howe's great fight took place remember it as the victory of the 1st of June. Late in May Lord Howe was trying to effect a junction in the Bay of Biscay with Rear-Admiral Montagu, when on the 28th he came upon the French fleet. Partial actions took place on the next day, which were continued on June 1. In less than an hour after the vessels had closed on each other, the French Admiral drew off, leaving twelve ships disabled. Some were sunk, and six of them taken by the victor to Plymouth Sound, not, however, without having to report his own fleet considerably damaged. Two of his Admirals, Bower and Paisley, had lost their legs, and Captain Montagu



was killed, while several of the ships were dismantled and without masts.

On June 20 the King, accompanied by the Queen and the Princesses, went to Portsmouth to honour Lord Howe and the victorious fleet by the distribution of rewards and a review of the ships and Dockyard. Attended by the naval authorities, George III. visited the Admiral on board the Queen Charlotte, and presented the gallant veteran with a sword set in diamonds, and the other Admirals, including those wounded, as well as Howe himself, with gold chains, to which a commemorative medal was to be attached. Promotions and baronetcies further testified to the King's satisfaction, which culminated in an earldom for Howe, followed subsequently by the Garter.

In the eleven years between Howe's 1st of June and Nelson's last victory, the British Navy gained a reputation never before equalled in the history of the world. But the work England had undertaken was by no means complete or even certain of success. At the date of the battle of Trafalgar, Napoleon was at the height of his military power, and it was ten years longer before his final overthrow. But after the battle of Leipsic, in October, 1813, the invasion of France during the following winter, the abdication of Napoleon in April, 1814, and the Peace of Paris signed on May 30, it was supposed that all was over, and that Europe might rest in peace. The allied monarchs—the Emperor of Russia, the King of Prussia, and the Prince Regent—met in London; and they were accompanied by Wellington and Blücher. It was a time of festal pomp, and among other modes of demonstrating their triumph a great naval review took place at Spithead on June 24, 1814. The Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia, as guests of the Prince Regent, visited Portsmouth on this occasion. Their Majesties, with his Royal Highness, went on board H.M.S. Impregnable, and were received by the Duke of Clarence. The ship was surrounded by a great circle of vessels, whose expanded sails and innumerable flags and streamers shut out the distant prospect; myriads of spectators, of all ranks and both sexes, mingled their vociferations with the cheers of ten thousand tars and repeated discharges of guns. The fleet then reviewed



THE NAVAL REVIEW AT SPITHEAD, 1773.  
REPRODUCTION OF A PRINT AFTER D. SERRES (1774).

was composed of the Ville de Paris, 120 guns; Impregnable, 98; Prince, 74; George, 74; St. Domingo, 74; Bedford, 74; Rodney, 74; Chatham, 74; Tiger, 74; Queen, 74; Sceptre, 74; Magnificent, 74; Egmont, 74; Montague, 74; and Stirling Castle. The accuracy of the movements of the vessels of war, followed by pleasure yachts and barges, turning to windward through a narrow channel, was greatly admired.

During the reign of George IV. and that of his successor little interest was displayed in the Navy. After the accession of William IV., great reductions were made, mainly by dismissing large numbers of men from the dockyards, by lowering the wages, and by the abolition of task work in favour of the wage system. More than one million sterling was thus saved in three years; but there were strong official objections to reducing the Lords of the Admiralty themselves by dismissing two of their number.

Queen Victoria and Prince Albert shortly after their

marriage visited Portsmouth, when a grand naval review was held in their honour. It was in March, 1842. Admiral Sir Edward Codrington, the Duke of Wellington, and other distinguished personages received her Majesty. The weather was bad; but the Queen and his Royal Highness went on board the St. Vincent, 120 guns, the Admiral's flag-ship, and another ship, H.M.S. Queen, which her Majesty inspected. When the ship's company's dinner was served out, the Royal party went below. As the Queen stepped on the lower deck the men stood up, and although her Majesty kindly desired that they might be seated, their loyalty overcame their obedience, for they continued standing during her progress round the deck. On arriving at the table abreast of the mainmast the Queen expressed a desire to taste the grog. The gallant Captain immediately ordered a glass to be brought; but the Queen said, "No; I wish to taste as the men have it." A mess-basin was filled from the grog-can on the nearest table, and presented by Captain Rich, on his knees; her Majesty, having tasted it, smilingly remarked that it was very good, and taking a second sip returned the basin. At another table farther forward she inquired what they had for dinner: on being told beef and soup,

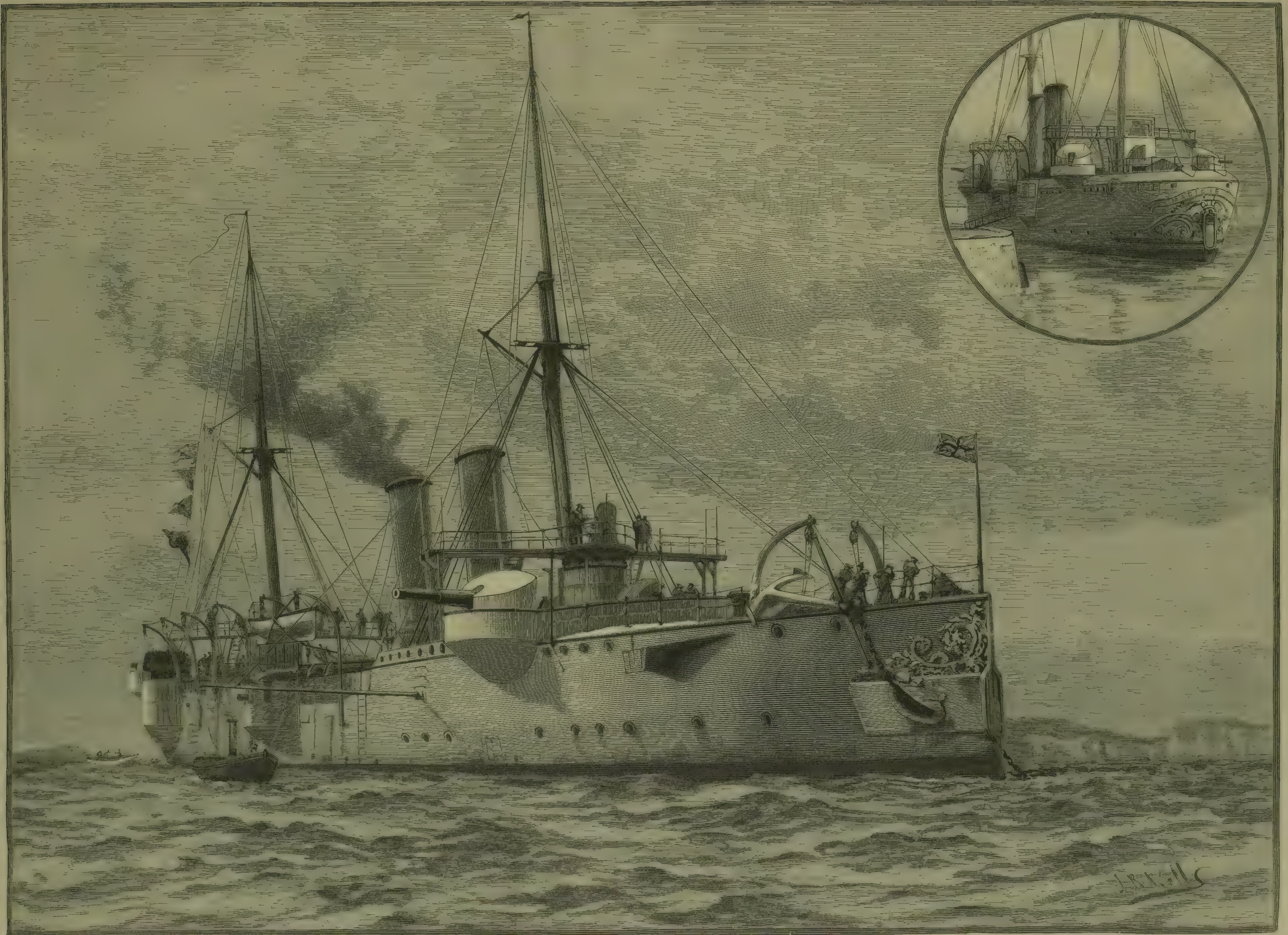
she desired to have some, which was also presented by Captain Rich, in a common basin, with one of the iron spoons of the mess. At this moment the boatswain's call announced "Attention!" which was instantly answered by every man giving "Her Majesty's health—God bless her!" Three British cheers, such as only British tars can give, came from the middle and lower decks, on which were a thousand seamen and marines, telling the young Queen that the toast was not an empty compliment; and the falling tear, followed by the smile upon her countenance, assured them that she felt the sincerity of their welcome. The health of Prince Albert was then given, and hailed in the same enthusiastic manner.

In June, 1845, the Queen having intimated her intention of reviewing the fleet assembled for the trial cruises, she arrived at Spithead on June 21. The fleet, considered quite "magnificent" for those days, was gaily decorated, and the crews stretched out on the yards. Innumerable yachts and swarms



THE DOCKYARD AT DEPTFORD: A REVIEW BY THE FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY.  
ENGRAVED BY WOOLLETT (1775).





THE NAVAL REVIEW: H.M.S. MAGICIENNE. A NEW TYPE OF WAR-SHIP.



of crowded steam-boats made it a lively scene. The Queen was received by Rear-Admiral Hyde Parker on board the *St. Vincent*, and was conducted over its upper and main decks. She then went to the *Trafalgar*, where she was received by Captain Martin. Here she went into the bread-room, and tasted the chocolate. Thence the Royal visit was extended to the *Albion*, after which a levée was held on the Royal barge, at which all the Captains of the fleet were presented.

On the following Monday, June 23, the Queen reviewed the squadron. After the smoke of the Royal salute had passed away, the scene presented was a repetition of that of Saturday, the liveliness being heightened by a numerous flotilla of small craft with gay pennons. A series of exercises in cruising was then gone through, the successive signals "To loosen sail" and "To make sail" coming from the flag-ship. The *Trafalgar* was first in both. About one o'clock the *Superb* got under way, and made sail out towards St. Leonards, followed by the Royal yacht, the *Black Eagle*, and an immense number of yachts and steamers, the beauty of the day increasing the brilliancy of the scene. The *Superb* went out in grand style, but, the breeze freshening when on the other side of the Nab, she was compelled to shorten sail and take in her royals, top-gallant studding-sails, and foretopmast studding-sails. At half-past three o'clock the signal was given to "Furl sails, put the life-lines on, and man yards," which was instantly obeyed, and three cheers were given as the Queen's yacht passed through the lines of ships and returned to Cowes.

On July 15, in the same year, the Queen reviewed the experimental squadron at Spithead. It consisted of eight ships of the line and a war-steamer—the *Rattler*, of 880 tons and 200-horse power. Great fears were entertained at one time that the whole review would prove a failure. All depended in those days on the wind. Had it been "a dead calm," none of the evolutions, manœuvres, or mock engagements could have been carried out.

In the eight years which followed a great revolution had taken place in the Navy. Screw steam-ships had gradually been substituted for sailing-vessels. Thus, the review held in 1853 marked an extraordinary development. The fleet on this occasion was composed of twenty men-of-war, thirteen of which were screw-steamers, and these so superior in efficiency to the sailing-vessels that it was clear the latter would soon have to be entirely abandoned. The evolutions represented an engagement, and, as if to display the superiority of the new force, the vessels of the squadron which were intended to be beaten were composed altogether of sailing-vessels and paddle-wheel steamers. In fact, the supreme interest of this review consisted in its being the first occasion on which a fleet of steam line-of-battle ships had been manœuvred as in battle, inaugurating a new system of tactics. The ships formed abreast in a line nearly three miles long. When the squadron of the enemy got within range, they opened their broadsides, and the cannonade spread along from ship to ship with an astounding rapidity, the deep bass of the 68- and 84-pounders chiming in at intervals with the sharper roar of the lighter guns. The cannonading was kept up till the signal was given for the chase towards the south. In this chase the Royal yacht as well as those of the two Houses of Parliament joined. The superiority of the Wellington and the *Impérieuse* was strikingly displayed. The return to Spithead was an irregular race, taking place in the order in which each ship could maintain her sailing powers, the screw steam-vessels making their way through the yachts, while far behind under a press of canvas came the sailing-vessels. After the fleet reached Spithead there was an attack by the gun-boats, armed and manned, on the steam-frigates *Magicienne* and *Conflict*. They bore down on the ships in two divisions, one division attacking the stem, the other the stern, of the men-of-war. There was a great deal of firing on both sides, and at length it was announced that the gun-boats had conquered.

After the end of the Crimean War, on April 23, 1856, a great naval review took place at Portsmouth. The Queen and the Prince Consort were received by Admiral Sir William Parker, G.C.B., principal naval aide-de-camp, and Sir Robert Peel and other members of the Ministry, with the full Board of Admiralty, Admiral De la Gravière, of the French Navy, being among the company. The Royal party embarked on board the *Victoria* and *Albert*, lying in the harbour: and as she passed outside the first line of ships to return down the centre of the double line of ships and gun-boats, the Duke of Wellington opened the Royal salute, the other vessels taking it up. This was one of the grandest moments of the review. The yacht returned through the line to Warner Light. An hour or two later, the gun-boats steamed down the line, and passed up it again on the outside. Soon after three, the Royal yacht stood towards the *Rodney* and *London*, which were anchored to the east-north-east of the Nab Light as pivot-ships. The *Victoria* and *Albert* was followed by the Duke of Wellington and the Royal George, the leading ships of the line, the rest coming in their order of anchorage. They passed between the pivot-ships, doubling back outside them, and returned to their former stations, the immense screw men-of-war gliding easily along, apparently without effort. The skill and precision with which the whole fleet turned outwards in passing the pivot-ships, the swarm of sailors on each rigging, and the hearty cheering, truly musical as it came across the waters, were, one after another, the subject of admiration. Finally, the reverberation of hundreds of heavy ordnance at her Majesty's departure, with the lurid flashes seen through the smoke, appealed powerfully to the senses, and terminated the review in an imposing manner.

Curiosity was especially directed to the new gun-boats and the floating batteries, four low, flat, squat, unwieldy-looking things—the *Trusty*, the *Glatton*, the *Thunder*, and the *Meteor*. There were forty-six ships in the White Squadron of gun-boats, forty-six in the Red Squadron, forty-two in the Blue Squadron, and twenty-four in the Light Squadron. These gun-boats performed a mimic attack on Southsea Castle. The signal being given, they opened a brisk fire on the devoted fort; but this did not last long, and the castle did not return the fire, in consideration of the safety of those beneath its walls.

The visit of the Sultan to England in the summer of 1867 suggested a Naval Review in his honour. The number of ships, however, was not so great as that of the review in 1856. The port division consisted of sixteen wooden ships, the starboard division of fifteen ironclads, with sixteen gun-vessels and gun-boats, five Royal yachts, and numerous other yachts and troop-ships.

The Naval Review of 1873 was distinguished by the presence of the Shah of Persia. He was accompanied by the Prince of Wales and other members of the Royal family on board the yacht *Victoria* and *Albert*, followed by the *Enchantress*, carrying the Lords of the Admiralty. They went out two miles to the ironclad fleet lying at its anchors, in three long lines. Nearest were twenty-one gun-boats, next the eleven ironclads of the first division. Farthest off lay the twelve ships of the second division.

As the yacht neared the Spit Buoy, the fleet manned and saluted, covering itself with smoke. The turret-ships, having no yards to man, manned their gunwales with sailors. The yacht then passed by the huge five-masted ships the *Agincourt* and the *Northumberland* on the right, the *Sultan*, and the

*Heracles* on the left, rounded the western extremity of the fleet at the end of the middle line, and turned her head at last to pass down the channel between the gun-boats and the first division. The Shah then visited the *Agincourt*, the ironclad *Sultan*, the *Blonde*, a composite frigate then building, and the Royal party returned to London.

The last naval review, held by the Queen at Spithead on July 23, 1886, is noticeable as an exhibition of the various forms of naval architecture which have been in use during the past half-century, several of which are now quite obsolete. For numbers it was one of the most imposing reviews on record, the fleet containing twenty-six ironclads and over one hundred other vessels. After the review it was divided into several squadrons, which manœuvred in the narrow seas with a view of discovering in what way an invading fleet could most effectually assail the coasts. An interesting series of naval evolutions was then worked out in the Channel. Rear-Admiral Fremantle, commanding one portion of the fleet, succeeded in evading Vice-Admiral Hewett, commanding an equal number of ships and assisted by a flotilla of gun-boats and torpedo-boats. The former captured Falmouth, forced the Straits of Dover, seized Sheerness, and ran the Thames to Thames Haven before he was obliged to surrender. Other operations were at the same time carried out on the Welsh coast and on the coast of Ireland, all tending to prove the value in war of rapidity of action, the comparative inutilty of heavy guns unless on very swift ships, and the importance of every fleet being provided with a number of fast cruisers to act as scouts watching every movement of the enemy. Another lesson taught was that the work of defending harbours and estuaries must be left to a special force prepared for the work, since the most effectual service the fleet can render is on the open sea.

#### THE WRECK REGISTER.

The tables compiled from the Wreck Register, which the Board of Trade publishes each year, bring vividly before the mind the terrible loss of life and property which annually takes place on our coasts. The figures for the year, which ended on June 30, 1887, show that the number of vessels which met with accidents of all sorts on the coasts of the United Kingdom increased from 3596, the number given in the preceding year, to 4224. The total number of lives lost as a result of those accidents shows an increase over the year of more than one-third, it having risen from 396 to 645. Of these 4224 vessels, 1582 were either totally lost or met with serious casualty. A third of the increase in the number of vessels meeting with casualties is accounted for by the increase in the number of cases of vessels involved in collisions. Of the 4224 casualties, 3851 befell British and colonial ships and steamers, foreign vessels meeting with accidents in 373 instances.

It is interesting to note the localities of the casualties other than cases of collision, as they furnish a sort of general idea as to the portions of our coast which experienced the worst weather during the year under consideration. The localities were as follows: East coast of England, 732; south coast, 626; west coast of England and Scotland and east coast of Ireland, 1006; north coast of Scotland, 95; east coast of Scotland, 133; and other parts, 209; total, 2801. The lives lost as a result of the 4224 casualties were: East coast of England, 58, or 35 less than in the preceding year; south coast of England, 63, or one more than in the year 1885-86; west coast of England and Scotland and east coast of Ireland, 307, an increase of 47 over the previous year; north coast of Scotland, 33, or 20 more than in the previous twelve months; east coast of Scotland, 28, or 4 more than in the year 1885-86; other parts, 156; total, 645. From June, 1854, to June, 1887, no fewer than 23,831 souls perished from shipwreck on our shores.

That number, however, would have been more than doubled had it not been for the life-boats of the Royal National Life-Boat Institution and other means of rescue, which have been instrumental in saving 23,939 lives since 1824, when the institution was established, up to Dec. 31 last. The rocket apparatus of the Board of Trade supplied to 295 stations saved 143 lives in the year ending June 30, 1887. These figures go far to prove the need that exists for the public to give efficient help to the important work of the Life-Boat Institution.

The Albert Chapel and the Round Tower at Windsor Castle are accessible to the public between eleven and four o'clock every Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday during the absence of the Court.

The Indian Government is considering a scheme for raising a large loan in England to enable the construction of railways to be carried out at an increased rate. The opinions of the local Indian Governments on the subject of educational reform have now been received. They are favourable to the introduction of moral teaching and of stricter discipline in the schools.

At a meeting of the Royal Botanic Society of London, held on July 27, it was announced that among the donations received were seeds from the Parana River at Rosario, South America, collected by Mr. C. W. Sowerby, who also announces his discovery of one of the habitats of the *Pontederia Azuera*, a very beautiful floating water-plant, which first flowered some nine years ago in the Victoria house in these gardens, and has since been widely distributed. He states that masses of the plant were found floating down the river, and forming islands of one or two acres in extent, upon one of which a puma was seen.

The Grand National Archery Meeting at Oxford was brought to a close on July 26. The badge championship was won by Miss Legh (Cheltenham Archers). Miss Pickney (South Wilts) took the first associated club prize. The county challenge prize was won by Gloucestershire. In the competitions for gentlemen, the champion gold medal was taken by Mr. Gregson, John o' Gaunt's Bowmen. The Spedding memorial challenge cup was won by Mr. C. J. Perry Keene, Avondale Archers. Mr. Gregson also secured the challenge cup for the greatest number of hits. Mr. Erskine, Royal Toxophilite Society, won the first associated club prize for the highest gross score; and the county challenge cup was won by Middlesex.

By the liberality of the Goldsmiths' Company, in taking upon themselves the whole cost of maintaining the New-Cross Polytechnic, for South London, the Charity Commissioners will have a portion of the City Parochial Funds released for other purposes, and they have at last recognised the claims of the City of London College, which for over thirty years has successfully carried on the work of secondary education. The Archbishop of Canterbury, who is president of the institution, has ably advocated the claims of the college, in which he has been warmly supported by the Solicitor-General, an old member and student. The Commissioners will pay off the college debt, about £2000, and on the acceptance of their scheme will find a sum of £1000 per annum.

#### THE CITY OF DENVER.

"The Queen City of the Plains" is the local name proudly given to the city of Denver, the capital of the State of Colorado. The inhabitants have cause for boasting. Thirty years ago the site was marked by a few log huts, and the white inhabitants numbered only about a score. Barter with the wandering tribes of Indians formed their sole employment. This, with life itself, was precarious. Anyone going there was regarded as venturing beyond the bounds of civilisation and as embarking on a hazardous enterprise. Small detachments of United States troops were scattered over the wide and wild district lying at the base of the long and frowning range known as the Rocky Mountains. At rare intervals tidings reached the people in the eastern States of Indian raids, with the sure accompaniment of murder and conflagration, followed by condign and certain retribution. Or some adventurous traveller or mighty hunter came back with wonderful accounts of his experiences on the trackless plains or in the grim and silent mountain fastnesses. The tales seemed incredible, and even now they read like romances.

Within a generation a handsome city has sprung up as if by enchantment. The gold-seekers of 1859 first contributed to this. Denver was the natural base of supply, and to it all the mineral produce was sent for refining. Thousands of eager and enterprising people, smitten with the gold fever, wended their way hither in a few months. They had to cross the prairie in waggons, on horseback, or on foot. The distance was 600 miles through a flat, treeless, uninhabited region, where water was scarce and where no food could be procured. Numbers perished miserably from starvation or fatigue. Horrible stories are yet current of the privation and misery then endured. After a time, the gold gave out; but silver was discovered in quantities that appear to be inexhaustible. Denver was for years the sole smelting-place for the ore brought down from the mountains. An enormous industry is still carried on in this way, although other towns have rapidly risen; and notably, Pueblo. In 1870 Denver had fewer than four thousand inhabitants. These were quadrupled in the following year. In the same time the tax valuation increased from three to ten millions of dollars. Soon there will be nearly a hundred thousand people, and a confident boast is made that it will become the largest city between Chicago and San Francisco.

A finer situation can scarcely be imagined. It is upwards of five thousand feet above the sea-level. Twelve miles to the west, the great range of the Rockies is visible north and south for a hundred miles. So rarefied and clear is the atmosphere that huge distances seem foreshortened. Many of the mountain peaks exceed fourteen thousand feet in altitude. Pike's Peak, one of the most noted, is 14,167 ft., and it appears even higher, relatively to some others, because of its position of solitary majesty, like Mont Blanc. North, east, and south from Denver stretch the prairies for hundreds of miles. Across them now run thin threads of railroads, all converging upon Denver, bringing the manufactures and products of the middle and eastern States in exchange for the mineral and agricultural wealth of Colorado, and for the stock raised on its vast cattle ranches. Only twenty years ago everything had to be hauled over the plains, at enormous labour, expense, and risk. Now there are several trunk roads, and others are projected.

Denver has been laid out with much skill, and on a bold and generous scale. The enterprising founders believed that the city would attain to large dimensions in a short time, and they arranged and built for the near future. Broad avenues are lined with more than a quarter of a million cottonwood and maple trees, abundant in foliage, and furnishing grateful shade. An unfailing supply of water is brought from a distance of a dozen miles, and is conducted through many miles of open channels along every street. By mechanical means, water is also kept at high pressure in case of fire, so that no engines are required. Owing to the system of irrigation pursued, a dusty cactus-plain has been converted into a smiling and fruitful garden. The wooden shanties and the humble brick dwellings of the earlier settlers have nearly all disappeared. In their place are seen spacious stores, commodious and elegant dwellings, banks and insurance offices of architectural solidity and beauty, schools, churches, and other public buildings. The Cathedral promises, when fully completed, to be one of the noblest ecclesiastical edifices on the American continent. Its English clergyman, Dean Hart, has displayed much zeal and taste in its adornment. It contains a number of large and beautiful stained-glass windows, of the highest artistic design, from the studio of Mr. Edward Frampton, of Buckingham Palace-road, London. The Townhall is a massive structure, in the centre of a spacious square; but it, with the handsome County Courthouse, will be far eclipsed by the State Capitol, now in course of erection, on which unknown millions of dollars are to be expended. The Opera-House is said to be second only to La Scala, at Milan.

Minerals formed at the outset the chief source of the city's prosperity. They still contribute largely to its manufacturing industry and to its export trade. Besides silver and gold, the recesses of the adjacent mountains yield copper, lead, tellurium, iron, and coal. Only the fringe of these varied and rich deposits has yet been touched. But prospecting goes on continually, and fresh stores are daily brought to light. Last year, one of the great smelting companies of Denver treated silver, lead, and gold to the value of nearly a million and a quarter sterling. The aggregate of another company's dealings with silver, gold, and copper was £800,000. There are many smaller concerns, the volume of whose united products is very large. Related industries are thriving, as is the general commerce of the city. Its geographical position makes it the base of supply for the vast-growing region around and beyond. Ample provision exists for mercantile development, and for the social health and comfort of a large community. Men of enterprise and of administrative capacity, and possessing great fertility of resource, have been attracted thither. Their numbers are receiving constant additions.

Like all new places in the West, it has had seasons of depression, arising sometimes out of over-speculation and sometimes from failure in the crops. For the wealth has ceased to be wholly mineral. Agriculture, sheep, and cattle largely contribute. What is called "buffalo grass"—a coarse, worthless-looking product growing in scattered little tufts on the dusty plains—has proved one of Colorado's most prolific sources of wealth. The herds and flocks, now numbered by millions, feed upon it with avidity, and thrive. The only trouble arises from a lack of water during the arid season. Rivers like the Platte dwindle from broad and deep streams into tiny, trickling rills, on each side of which is an expanse of gravel stones. But farmers and stock raisers are paying attention to the storage of water during the rainy season, and to methods of irrigation. Already much has been accomplished, though many thousands of animals still perish every year. Better times are looked for in this respect, and also a large increase in the quality and weight of the crops of hay, wheat, oats, Indian corn, potatoes, and other products.

W. H. S. A.



## H.M.S. MAGICIENNE.

This ship was the first of a class of unarmoured swift cruisers, to which the *Medusa*, the *Medea*, the *Melpomene*, and the *Marathon* also belong, ordered by the Admiralty in 1887. The *Magicienne* was built at Govan, on the Clyde, by Messrs. John Elder and Co., now the Fairfield Shipbuilding and Engineering Company. Her dimensions are 265 ft. long and forty-two the extreme breadth, with a depth of twenty-three feet. She has a freeboard of twelve feet. Her displacement, when fully equipped and loaded with coals and stores, is 2950 tons.

The hull is built of Siemens-Martin  $\frac{3}{4}$ -in. steel, covered with two thicknesses of teak, making 6 in.; and this is covered with copper to fit the vessel for service in distant waters. The stem, formed as a ram, is cast of phosphor bronze, and is sustained in the rear by the protective deck and frame of the vessel. The *Magicienne* has twin propeller-screws, which are three-bladed; the engines are of 9000-horse power. The armament consists of six 6-in. five-ton guns with Vavasseur central-pivot mounted carriage. Two of these are carried on spigons on the upper deck amidships, two on the fore-castle, and two on the poop deck. There are also nine Hotchkiss quick-firing six-pounders, one three-pounder, numerous Nordenfolt machine guns, six torpedo tubes, four on her broadside and a fixed tube fore and aft. The ship is lighted by electricity, and has three powerful electric search-lights, one on the forward conning-tower and two aft on the upper deck.

## MARRIAGES.

The marriage of the Hon. William Rowley, brother of Lord Langford, and Miss Mabel Legh, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Legh, of Lyme, was solemnised on July 24, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. The bridesmaids were Miss Legh, Lady Olivia Taylor, the Hon. Eleanor Hamilton, Miss Wilson Patten, and Miss Isabel Farquhar. Miss Lettice Legh, niece of the bride, and Master Alec Bass acted as train-bearers, and Major Hotham was best man.

The marriage between Mr. Arthur H. Kerr, eldest son of Admiral Lord Frederic and Lady Frederic Kerr, and Mildred, second daughter of Sir James and Lady Walker, of Sand Hutton, took place at Sand Hutton on July 24, in the presence of a large gathering of the friends of both families. The service was performed by the Archbishop of York.

Several fashionable marriages were celebrated on Thursday, July 25.

The marriage of Lord Ashburton with the Hon. Mabel Hood, eldest daughter of Viscount and Viscountess Hood, was quite private, in consequence of the recent decease of the late Peer; and immediately after the ceremony Lord and Lady Ashburton left for the Continent.

At St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, was celebrated the marriage of Mr. Harry Claud Hay, second son of Colonel the Hon. Charles and Mrs. Hay, with Miss Lepel Sayer, youngest daughter of Mrs. Chaine and the late Captain Sayer, of the 23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers. The Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor and Princesses Victoria and Maud, were present. The bridegroom was attended by his brother, Mr. Arthur Hay, as best man; and the six bridesmaids were Lady Mabel Egerton, Miss Hay, sister, and Miss Forester, cousin of the bridegroom; Miss Parry Crooke, cousin of the bride; Miss Mabel Forbes, and Miss Halford. The Prince and Princess of Wales attested the register. Among the wedding presents were a moonstone and diamond bracelet from the Prince and Princess of Wales, an enamel and diamond heart bracelet from Prince Albert Victor and Prince George, and a gold bracelet from Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne.

Mr. Henry St. John Digby Raikes, eldest son of the Right Hon. H. Cecil Raikes, M.P., Postmaster-General, and Miss Linda Mackinnon, daughter of the late General Dan Mackinnon (16th Lancers), and granddaughter of the fourth Baron Dimsdale, were married in St. Peter's Church, Eaton-square. The bridegroom's best man was Mr. Walter Somers, and the service was fully choral. The bride was given away by her brother, Mr. Alan Mackinnon. She had nine bridesmaids—Miss Nora Mackinnon, Miss Edith Tarleton, Miss Selina Mackinnon, Miss Raikes and Miss Lucy Raikes (sisters of the bridegroom), Miss Leila Peel, Miss Constance Fletcher, Miss Maud Hardy, and Miss Lilian Maude. Three little girls in white Kate Greenaway frocks, with pale-blue sashes and high mob caps, preceded the bridal procession, scattering flowers along the aisle.

At St. Nicholas' Church, Peper Harow, Godalming, was solemnised the marriage of Mr. Philip Lyttleton Gell, of Langley Lodge, Oxford, with the Hon. Edith Brodrick, third daughter of Viscount Midleton. The bridesmaids were the Hon. Albinia and Hon. Marian Brodrick, sisters of the bride; Miss Lucy Gell, sister of the bridegroom; Miss Muriel Brodrick and Miss Margaret Peek, nieces of the bride; Miss Eleanor Wiseman, niece of the bridegroom, and Miss Cecily Duckworth. Mr. Alfred Milner was best man, and the bride was given away by her father.

The marriage of Mr. Benjamin Bloomfield Trench, youngest son of the late Mr. Henry Trench and the Hon. Mrs. H. Trench, of Cangort Park, Ireland, with Miss Dora Turner, youngest daughter of the late Mr. and Lady Caroline Turner, of Stoke Rochford, Lincolnshire, took place in St. Mary's Church, Boltons, South Kensington. The bridegroom was attended by Mr. George Power, as best man; and the bridesmaids were the Hon. Mabel Campbell and the Misses Algetha and Marjorie Turner, nieces of the bride; and Miss Mildred Trench, Miss Lloyd Edwards, and Miss Gore Booth, nieces of the bridegroom. The bride was accompanied by her brother, Mr. Edmund Turner, who gave her away.

The exhibition season is fast dying. On August 5 the Royal Academy will close its doors. The Grosvenor is to remain open one day longer, retiring from public life on the same day as its rival the New Gallery. The Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours closes on Aug. 3.

Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone celebrated their golden wedding on July 25, amid congratulations from all classes, from the Queen and the Prince and Princess of Wales downwards. Among the numerous gifts was a portrait of Mr. Gladstone, by Sir J. Millais, from women of the Liberal party. The more public celebration took place next evening at the National Liberal Club, attended chiefly by those who agree with Mr. Gladstone's Irish policy. The chief event of the evening was the presentation to them of an album, commemorative of the occasion, as a gift from the club. Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone were enthusiastically received, and, on a congratulatory address being presented to them, the right hon. gentleman replied, taking a brief retrospect of the past half-century.—On the 30th the Right Rev. Lord Arthur Hervey, D.D., Bishop of Bath and Wells, celebrated his golden wedding. There were many rejoicings, formal and informal, civil and ecclesiastical, in honour of the event.

## CHESS.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

J. A. RUSSELL (Baltimore).—Thanks for letter and enclosure, of which we have made use.

T. G. (Ware).—In No. 2363, what if Black, for second move, play Q takes P (ch)?

R. F. N. BANKS, NIGEL, T. S., and OTHERS.—If Black play 1. Q to Kt 8th, there is no mate on White's second move.

J. S. W. (Egham).—We shall be pleased to examine any of your compositions with a view to publication.

W. H. REED.—You are not one of the many who altogether failed with No. 2361; but your solution of No. 2362 is quite correct.

W. L. MARTIN and R. H. BROOKS.—The Pat R 4th is needed to save a second solution.

SHALFORTH.—As the King never dies, the Editor never "holidays." We are glad to see your name in our list again.

A. H. COLLINS (Fairhaven, Mass., U.S.A.).—You must look at No. 2366 again, as White's second move of Q to B 6th does not mate. The problem submitted cannot be solved as you propose. To 1. P takes R, becoming a Bishop, Black answers with P to R 5th, and no mate can be given in two moves.

BOHN'S PENWARRNE (Acton).—No. 2359 cannot be solved by 1. Q to Q 2nd, because Black replies with R takes P, and no mate follows.

REV. J. J. (Burton).—Your problem does not admit of a solution at all. To White's move, 1. Kt to K 7th, Black answers with P to Q 8th, becoming a Kt and checking, after which White is more likely to be mated than Black. We think Black might also play 1. B to Q 7th.

J. E. HENRIK (Ashford).—An off-hand examination of your problem favourably impresses us, but the position is one requiring careful analysis. If it stands that it shall appear.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2359 received from J. W. Shaw (Montreal), W. S. Scougal (Dakota), and J. W. (Natal); of No. 2360 from Henry Reese and C. Etherington; of No. 2361 from S. W. H. Reese, T. Roberts, Birmingham, W. R. Rallem, Thomas Chown, H. S. B. (Ben Rhydding), Rev. J. Gaskin (Reims), J. W. Marchant, and E. O'Gorman (Dublin); of No. 2362 from Swyre, W. H. Reed (Liverpool), Columbus, T. Roberts, Alpha, Rev. J. Gaskin, O. J. Gibbs, Rev. Winfield Cooper, F. Hattinger, Dr. F. St. R. M. Bailey, and G. J. Yeale.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2363 received from Shadforth, R. Worters (Canterbury), T. Roberts, Howard A. W. R. Rallem, Martin F. Thomas Chown, J. Dixon, Birmingham, Columbus, N. Harris, W. H. Reed (Liverpool), Ruby Rook, S. B. Tallantyre, J. T. W. Fr. Fernando, A. Newman, E. Casella (Paris), E. E. S. H. Sh. at, Alpha, Dr. P. St. Dawn, C. E. Perugini, A. W. Hamilton Gell (Exeter), J. D. Tucker (Leeds), Jupiter Junior, G. J. Yeale, W. Hillier, E. E. H. R. H. Brooks, Fred Mackie, Brutus, J. Coad, D. McCoy (Galway), Rev. J. Gaskin (Reims), E. Louden, J. Hall, Swyre, Dr. Walz (Heidelberg), B. B. T. W. Southey (Elgin), J. Hilton (Birmingham), John Dodson (Deptford), H. W. Reese, Edmond O'Gorman, Donald Greenwell, Tindal Atkinson, and W. Wright.

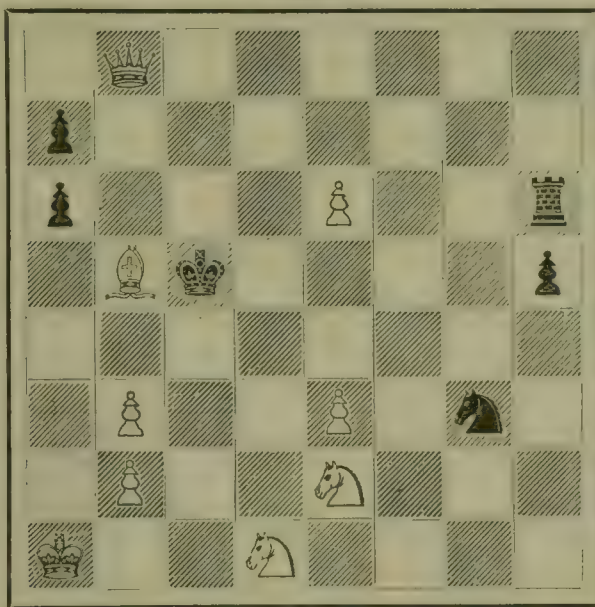
## SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2361.—By J. W. ARBOTT.

WHITE. BLACK.  
1. R to Q sq. Any move  
2. Mates accordingly.

## PROBLEM No. 2365.

By Mrs. W. J. BAIRD.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

## CHESS IN AMERICA.

The following consultation game is taken from the column edited by Mr. W. H. Pollock in the *Baltimore Sunday News*.

(Evans Gambit.)

WHITE (J. Hinrichs and W. H. Pollock).	BLACK (H. E. Bird and J. Uthoff).	WHITE (J. Hinrichs and W. H. Pollock).	BLACK (H. E. Bird and J. Uthoff).
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd
3. B to B 4th	B to B 4th	3. B to B 4th	B to B 4th
4. P to Q Kt 4th	B takes P	4. P to Q Kt 4th	B takes P
5. P to B 3rd	B to B 4th	5. P to B 3rd	B to B 4th
6. P to Q 4th	P takes P	6. P to Q 4th	P takes P
7. P takes P	B to Kt 3rd	7. P takes P	B to Kt 3rd
8. Castles		8. Castles	
One of Mr. Bird's favourite lines of attack is to proceed with 8. B to Kt 2nd and postpone castling; in some cases even castling on the Queen's side later on.			
9. Kt to B 3rd	P to Q 3rd	9. Kt to B 3rd	P to Q 3rd
10. Q to R 4th	B to Kt 5th	10. Q to R 4th	B to Kt 5th
The old Fraser attack, long discarded in favour of 10. B to Q Kt 5th, but adopted by the White allies for the sake of variety.			
11. P to Q 5th	Kt to B sq	11. P to Q 5th	Kt to B sq
12. B to K 2nd	B takes Kt	12. B to K 2nd	B takes Kt
13. P takes B	Kt to K 2nd	13. P takes B	Kt to K 2nd
14. K to R sq	P to R 4th	14. K to R sq	P to R 4th
15. B to K 3rd	Kt to Kt 3rd	15. B to K 3rd	Kt to Kt 3rd
16. Q R to B sq	Kt to K 4th	16. Q R to B sq	Kt to K 4th
17. R to K Kt sq		17. R to K Kt sq	
The development of White's game is thorough, and in accordance with the principles of the gambit.			
17. Q to R 5th		17. Q to R 5th	
A somewhat premature rally, resulting in a slight loss of time.			
18. R to Kt 3rd		18. R to Kt 3rd	
Threatening B to K Kt 5th, R to Kt 2nd would also be good play.			
19. Kt to Kt 5th	Q to K 2nd	19. Kt to Kt 5th	Q to K 2nd
20. K R to Kt sq	P to R 5th	20. K R to Kt sq	P to R 5th
21. Kt to Q 4th	Q to Q 2nd	21. Kt to Q 4th	Q to Q 2nd
22. Q to R 3rd	R to K R 2nd	22. Q to R 3rd	R to K R 2nd
23. P to B 4th	Kt to Kt 3rd	23. P to B 4th	Kt to Kt 3rd
24. P to B 5th		24. P to B 5th	
The Chess Monthly for July contains a portrait and memoir of Mr. F. H. Lewis, whose services to the game well deserve to find a formal recognition of this nature. A fine player himself, he delights to encourage good play on the part of others; and to his generous support the success of most of the home tournaments as well as numerous minor matches is largely due. He is a very competent judge of problems, and has adapted with great success the principles of their construction to the game of whist. In many ways his kindly offices have been exercised for the benefit of the chess world at large, and his election to the office of Chairman of the British Chess Association was an honour worthily earned.			
The <i>Bradford Observer</i> announces that it will offer two sets of prizes, one for problems and the other for solutions, on conditions which may be obtained by application to the chess editor at the office of the paper.			
The match between Messrs. Black and Loman at the City Club terminated in favour of the former by three games to one, three being drawn.			

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Mr. George Segar has been appointed to the revising barristership on the Northern Circuit vacant by Mr. Shand's elevation to a County Court Judgeship.

## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

## OUR MONTHLY LOOK ROUND.

One of the most curious of chemical compounds has recently been brought under the notice of the world of science. This compound by its inventor has been designated by the somewhat incongruous name of oxalomolybdic acid—by-the-way, how or why is it that chemists carry off the palm for barbarity of the names given to the compounds they discover? The excuse which may be offered by M. Pechard, who is the discoverer of the chemical in question, is that it is a derivative of the two acids, oxalic and molybdic, and that the name given to the new compound is therefore appropriate enough in view of its genealogy. When in a dry state, it seems, the crystals of the new acid may be kept perfectly intact both in darkness and in light; but when they are wetted, they develop, under the influence of sunlight, a blue colour. When the new acid is used to write words on paper the characters are invisible in a weak light; but on exposure to sunlight they develop a deep-blue tint. One notable point consists in the fact that these light and colour changes only take place when the acid solution is employed to write on paper or other surfaces; since, when kept in the bottle, the solution is not affected by light save at the edge of the fluid where it is in contact with the bottle. The new acid may be used to sensitise paper, inasmuch as if a sheet of paper be saturated with it, dried in the dark, and then used to take a print of a photographic negative, a well-defined impression will appear on the paper after about ten minutes' exposure to sunlight. But this print will disappear when it is placed in water, and by using water as an ink one can write white on the blue paper which has been exposed to sunlight as just described. Last of all, if the paper with its blue print be gently heated, the blue colour changes to a black, and water no longer dissolves away the characters which may have been imprinted thereon. Altogether the new acid may be said to afford food for chemical thought, and may, perchance, be turned to practical purposes before the world is much older.

Over and over again people have been warned against eating mussels, on account of their presumably poisonous properties, but it is certain (and I can vouch for the fact from personal experience) that no more wholesome mollusc can be eaten. Mussel sauce is a favourite accompaniment at fish dinners, and a very delicious addition to the piscatorial menu it makes. I suspect the real explanation of the poisonous qualities occasionally developed in mussels is to be found in the special circumstances of each case of illness. If mussels be eaten which have been bred and fed near sewage matter, or in dirty docks, or wherever decomposing animal matter is present, I should imagine they would certainly develop poisonous properties. A well-known case of poisoning by mussels occurred at Leith in 1827. Cases of illness resulted from eating the mussels, which had grown in the docks. Dr. A. Combe speaks of the town being in a "ferment" over the poisoning, and warnings were issued against the further use of the molluscs. The familiar shrimp may cause poisoning on occasion. I remember of such a case occurring at Margate a few years ago; and ordinary eels and the classic *Murena* of the Roman feasts have been found to develop a poison said to be related in nature to that of the viper. Cooking destroys the poisonous principle effectually; but I suspect, if the truth were known, very few articles of food exist which do not possess power to harm us. The work of the kitchen really kills the germs, and renders many foods thoroughly safe which might, if eaten uncooked, prove thoroughly injurious. A word to the wise: if symptoms of poisoning after eating shellfish ever arise, remember to empty the stomach at once (20 grains sulphate of zinc dissolved in water form the best emetic), and then ward off collapse by a free use of brandy.

I have to tender my best thanks for the many kind letters which I receive from time to time from correspondents who are interested in these science jottings. Although many of the letters require no reply, I should like my correspondents to know that their kindness is fully appreciated by me; while those who do raise points of controversy will excuse my silence, if I remind them that these pages scarcely form an "open court," and that the aim of the jottings is rather that of stimulating an interest in scientific matters than of serving as a forum for discussion. At the same time, I shall always be pleased to receive hints and facts for comment from my readers, and whenever a topic of interest is mooted it will be expounded and dealt with as fully as space and other circumstances may permit.

An inquiry has been addressed to me regarding the "Weather Plant," and I am asked to give particulars of this botanical curiosity. The plant in question seems to be related to the sensitive plants, or *Mimosa*, and, like them, its leaves bend readily. The plant is said to indicate the approach of atmospheric disturbances by changes in or movements of its leaves. This is no new thing in plant-life. The so-called hygroscopic property is well known as a feature of vegetable life, and consists essentially in the production of changes in the form, size, or position of plant-organs, such changes depending on the absorption or loss of moisture. The awn of the wild oat is twisted below, for example, and, on the slightest approach of moisture, moves and twines as if endowed with active vitality. Mr. Francis Darwin has paid special attention to such phenomena in plants. If we can imagine one set of the delicate cells in one side of a leaf being longer and possessing thinner walls than those of the other side, we can easily see how the thin-walled cells will not only absorb water more easily, but will also dry more quickly than the others. Such a disposition of matters must necessarily be attended by alterations in the shape of the leaf, and it is such changes of form which have long been noticed in plants and which have been credited with foreshadowing weather changes, and even more mystical events still.

Instinct, it is said, and with much truth, bends the lower animals to a slavish rule of life, and compels each animal to follow exactly the ways and works of its parents and ancestors. While, however, this rule holds good generally—and is illustrated by the case of the bee, which goes about its stereotyped work as soon as it is born in virtue of its inherited instincts—it has its exceptions. The ants do not copy one another slavishly: one species is found to differ wonderfully from another in point of habits, and there is clear evidence of new departures in their ways of life among certain groups. So is it with birds. I read with interest that the American cliff-swallow, which usually builds a bottle-shaped nest with a side-entrance, constructs a different nest when, as it has taken to doing, it builds beneath the eaves of barns. Here the nests are more saucer-like in shape; the protecting eaves affording shelter and cover. The old bottle style of nest and the new style, along with intermediate types, can be seen all built close together in some places. Clearly, then, the swallows are progressing: in other words, they illustrate the first law of success in life everywhere—the power of adapting themselves to new circumstances.

ANDREW WILSON.



GAIETY IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

"La gaieté de l'esprit," says Madame De Staël, "est facile à tous les hommes d'esprit." If this be true, we must, now-a-days, be sadly in want of "les hommes d'esprit"; for gaiety would seem to be one of the lost arts. In both life and literature it seems far to seek. We might as well look for a Mississippi in the Sahara, or "a bower of roses"—such as Mr. Thomas Moore sings of—in the frozen wastes of Siberia. That exaltation of spirit, that vivacity of imagination, that free sympathy with life's humorous aspects, that keen sense of enjoyment, that becoming mirth, which are comprehended in the word "gaiety" (as applied to literature)—"de gaieté de cœur," as the French call it—though it must not be without a certain intellectual flavour, is hardly possible, perhaps, in a society which is so painfully engrossed with what Bacon terms the "idola theatri" and the "idola fori," with all kinds of vapid pleasures and venal ambitions, or is otherwise absorbed in the study of those serious and perplexing problems which so effectually corrugate the pallid brow of the philosopher and dim the lustre of his wistful eye. We, whose faculties are given to the anxious consideration of such weighty questions as "Shall women have a vote?" or are engaged in discussions on the "Unknowable"; whose ideal of light reading is the *Nineteenth Century* or "Robert Elsmere"; who find matter for laughter in "farical comedies," and crowd the stalls to smile painfully at the comic man's last "wheeze" in the latest burlesque, are scarcely fitted to understand, or to relish, a genuine intellectual gaiety. Yet, once upon a time, how it sparkled in our literature, and made sweet and wholesome the thoughts of men! Once upon a time, how it played over our English poetry! how its lambent flame irradiated our English stage! Ah! the pity of it, that a light so pure and purifying should be flickering in the socket! The sacred lamp of burlesque seems but a sorry substitute; and many of us go about inquiring sadly, "Will no one restore the gaiety of the past?"

If we go back to Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales" we shall see in its perfection the gaiety I speak of. It literally brims over in the lively, *riant* description of the Pilgrims, whose idiosyncrasies are touched off with so firm and yet kindly a hand. It runs like a golden thread through the "Tale of Gamelyn," the "Merchant's Tale," the "Rime of Sir Thopas," the "Tale of the Cook and the Fox." I suppose Chaucer derived this fine healthy and sane joyousness from Boccaccio; or did it spring—a spontaneous growth—out of the social conditions of the England of his time—which, no doubt, was a merrier England than ours—an England in which there was no antagonism of classes, an England full of picturesque effects and vivid harmonies and combinations of colour? Therefore, we hear in Chaucer's verse the merry clank of spurs, the neighing of horses, the jingle of bells, and the sound of frank, free laughter; we see bright banners wave, and knights and squires and dames and damozels ambling along the sunny ways or gracing tournament and feast. The poet must always reflect, with more or less fidelity, the feeling or temper of his age; and Chaucer's gaiety reflects, no doubt, the gaiety of mediæval England. I need not add that he is master also of a deep and tender pathos, for gaiety of mind is by no means incompatible with sensibility of heart. The gaiety I am here discussing is not that hard, coarse merriment which has been likened to the crackling of thorns under a pot.

The gaiety of Shakspeare is one of the essential features of his genius. One can fancy that he sang for joy as he wandered about the sunny lanes of his native Warwickshire. The late Mr. Bagehot remarks that if anybody could have any doubt about the poet's liveliness he should consider the

character of Falstaff. Most men might sum up the gaiety of their whole lives, and find that it would scarcely equal the gaiety even of one of the fat Knight's speeches. And yet, perhaps, there is less of gaiety than of humour in Sir John. Gaiety is more refined, less earthly, less sensual, than the rich exuberant fun of which he is so happily prodigal. We shall find what we seek rather in the characters of Benedick and Beatrice, who move across the stage with such an exquisite air of high breeding, such a briskness of manner and sportiveness of speech; and in Biron, and matchless Rosalind, Mercutio, too, is the very embodiment of, the gay spirit. "Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? Now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo; now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature; for this drivelling love is like a great natural that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole." In some of Beaumont and Fletcher's comedies we discern a gay and gallant air, though it lacks the distinction which Shakspeare's loftier genius gives it; but in Ben Jonson, it seems to me to be altogether missing. In those elaborate dramas of his, which he built up with so much conscientious labour, I perceive abundant animal spirits—plenty of rough, manly humour; but that delicate aroma of mirth which I am here considering found no place in his unsympathetic temperament. But it pleasantly pervades the "Amyn-tas" of his "son" (as he called him) Thomas Randolph.

Some of our earlier song-writers enjoyed no small measure of this precious gift. Such was the case with Sir John Suckling, who, with a careless hand upon his easy lute, dashed off the gayest lyrics imaginable. Not a little of Herrick's verse rings with the same true note; it seems as if he sang among sunshine and flowers, with laughter at his heart and on his lips. It is impossible to conceive of any mood more alien to the gay temper than that of the satirist, and therefore we may at once pass over Butler, Dryden, Swift. In Pope's "Rape of the Lock," however, we catch a sportive echo; as also in Cowper's "John Gilpin" and Goldsmith's "Retaliation." In the last it is allied with a happy wit, which is unusual, since wit is mostly ill-natured; but Goldsmith's wit kindled with the warmth of his loving, generous heart.

Congreve's comedies are brilliantly witty; but I can detect no savour of gaiety in them; the wit is as polished as steel, but, then, it is as hard. Farquhar has occasional flashes; but of our later English comedy it may be said, I think, that, though seldom wanting in humour, wit, or sentiment, it almost always fails in intellectual elasticity, in airiness, and brightness. For exceptions, I may name Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer," which has been described as "truth richly coloured, and overflowing with animal spirits"; but, to my thinking, it overflows with something higher and purer—a sweet, simple, and spontaneous gaiety; and Sheridan's "Rivals," in which the movement is delightfully rapid and exhilarating, and the tone fluent and lively. As we approach our own time, we feel that the bloom and brightness of gaiety gradually fade away; men have grown too serious, are too much in earnest, or surrounded by too depressing an atmosphere. Its fragrance lingers, however, in the exquisite Essays of Elia, in Leigh Hunt's graceful writing, in Tom Moore's verse, in Lord Beaconsfield's "Popanilla" and "Ixion," in Peacock's delightful fictions. Pleasant, too, is the urbane tone of much of the late Mr. C. J. Calverley's felicitous nonsense, and the not less felicitous buoyancy of Mr. Lewis Carroll's "Alice in Wonderland." Then the true spirit of gaiety unquestionably animates the polished verse of Mr. Austin Dobson; nor is it unknown to Mr. Frederick Locker-Lampson, or Mr. Ashby Sterry, or to Mr. W. S. Gilbert in some of his charming topsy-turvy operas.

W. H. D.-A.

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

"Doctor Cupid"—words by Clifton Bingham, music by Michael Watson—is a song in which lines of a genuine humorous kind are allied to a vocal melody in a good old English style, simple yet piquant, and giving good scope for suggestive declamation. Messrs. R. Cocks and Co. are the publishers, as also of "Lusitania," a song of which W. Mills is the author, and E. St. Quentin the composer. Both lines and music have a distinctive national character, which is pleasantly maintained throughout, the tempo being alternated between three-eight and six-eight. "The Ship was Saved by Laughing" (words by P. Dayson, music by E. M. Chesham) is a song in the nautical style, with a well-marked melody, of the robust kind, such as besems a ditty dealing with salt-water interests. This is also published by Messrs. R. Cocks and Co., as are a series of movements from Haydn's string quartets, well transcribed for the pianoforte (solo) by A. Schloesser; and "The Court Favorite," a dance tune "of a lively yet dignified character," for the pianoforte, by M. Watson, in which there is an agreeable mixture of the antique style with a more modern turn of melody. From the same firm we have Book 3 of a series of short original voluntaries for the American organ, harmonium, or organ, by A. Redhead, who has produced some well-written movements in various styles that will be welcome either for use in church or chapel or in private.

"Love's Retrospect" is a song by Maggie Gostling, in which the melody has much plaintive expression, the simplicity of the vocal part being well contrasted by some occasional brilliant arpeggio passages in the pianoforte accompaniment; an additional violin part enhancing the general effect. The song is issued by the London Music Publishing Company.

A first, second, and third book "On the Theory of Music (the first applied to the Pianoforte)," by Louisa Gibson, are very useful handbooks. The amplitude and clearness of the instructions therein given, and the cheapness of the price, should ensure a large circulation. They are published by Messrs. Weekes and Co., Messrs. Novello and Co., and elsewhere.

"Sight-Singing Made Easy" is the title of an inexpensive progressive manual for the use of choir-trainers and directors of vocal classes, and for private use, by J. H. Lee. The exercises, explanations, and examples given are well calculated to forward the intended purpose. The work is published by Mr. Edwin Ashdown, of Hanover-square.

"Sooner or Later" is the title of a song (words by H. P. Stephens, music by F. Pascal) in which piquancy and sentiment are well contrasted, the earlier portion being somewhat in dance measure, which is well relieved by the concluding expressive "Quasi Adagio." Mr. Joseph Williams is the publisher, as also of "The Cardinal," a spirited song (with some good rhythmical contrasts) by F. Rivenhall—"Our Father," an impressive sacred song by A. Durand—and "Aglais," a pleasingly melodious song by Emily B. Farmer, in which the minor and major modes are well contrasted, and the pianoforte accompaniment is enhanced by an additional part (obligato) for violin or violoncello. The same lady composer issues (from the same publishing source) a stately minuet for the pianoforte, entitled "Queenie"; another characteristic pianoforte piece in dance form—a mazurka, entitled "Coquette" (by G. Bachmann); and the second book of M. Henri Roubier's useful pianoforte studies emanating from the same publishing house.

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as showing the effect of the furniture when arranged in an apartment, but also most suggestive as regards decorative treatment, as well as a guide to the entire cost of furnishing in any selected style.—MAPLE and CO., Decorators and Furnishers.

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EXHIBITION of DECORATIVE ART.

EXAMPLES of ART DECORATIONS in Carton-pierre, Tynceastle Tapestry, Lincrusta, Japanese and Flock Papers, Silk, Tapestry, and Japanese Embroidered Panels, Cretonne, Eastern Rugs and Mattings, Hand-painted Friezes, and interior woodwork. Thirty Specimen-rooms, constituting a unique exhibition of Decorative Art, are now open to visitors.

MAPLE and CO. CARPETS.

MAPLE and CO. BRUSSELS

CARPETS.—MAPLE and CO. have always in stock Brussels Carpets made to stand the test of daily use, both as regards texture and colourings. In fact, their carpets for hard, street-like wear have become almost proverbial.

CARPETS for HARD, STREET-LIKE

WEAR.—MAPLE and CO.'S No. 4 quality is an extra stout Brussels Carpet, suitable for rooms where there is constant tread, and woven with regard to durability rather than elaboration of design. A bordered Carpet of this grade, 9ft. by 9ft., can be had for forty shillings.

CARPETS for HARD, STREET-LIKE

WEAR.—The "Maple" Brand Brussels Carpet is a special extra quality, made of selected yarns, and in all the designs and colourings for 1889, including some most wonderful replications of famous Eastern Carpets. This quality cannot fail to afford permanent satisfaction in use.

TURKEY CARPETS.

A TURKEY CARPET is, above all

others, the most suitable for the dining-room, its agreeable warmth of colouring enhancing the effect of the furniture and decorations, and indicating alike the good taste and comfortable circumstances of its possessor.

TURKEY CARPETS.—MAPLE and

CO. are the very largest importers of Turkey Carpets; and having a Branch House at Smyrna, with agency at Ouchak, the centre of the weaving district, are able to exercise close supervision over the whole process of manufacture, which is the only way in which excellence of colouring and workmanship can be guaranteed.



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EASILY DIGESTED.—MADE INSTANTLY.

LANCET.—“Delicate aroma.”—“PURE and unmixed.”

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“Flavour is perfect” and “so PURE.”

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“ONCE USED, ALWAYS USED.”

C. J. VAN HOUTEN & ZOON, WEESP, HOLLAND.

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Late STORR & MORTIMER,

Manufacturing Silversmiths & Jewellers to Her Majesty,

Respectfully solicit an inspection of their newly-enlarged and reconstructed Stock of the finest Brilliant and Gem Ornaments, Pearl Necklaces, &c., selected with the renowned judgment of the Firm, at the closest market prices, also secondhand Diamond and other Gem Jewellery, at the intrinsic value of the Stones alone.

MASSIVE SILVER AND GOLD PLATE

BOTH NEW AND SECONDHAND,

FOR PRESENTATION & WEDDING PRESENTS.

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ESTABLISHED IN THE LAST CENTURY.

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A CLEAR SKIN and Beautiful Complexion obtained by using DUNFORD'S EMOLLIENT CREAM. 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., post-free.—180, New Bond-street, W.

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DELICIOUS FLAVOUR.

MOST NUTRITIOUS.

REQUIRING NO DIGESTIVE EFFORT.

CONCENTRATED

## PEPTONIZED COCOA

AND MILK (Patent).

SAVORY & MOORE, LONDON.

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OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE.

FOR INVALIDS.

DELICATE CHILDREN

AND ALL OF WEAK DIGESTION.

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THE OLDEST AND BEST.

“THE QUEEN”

Feels no hesitation in recommending its use.—Dec. 22, 1883.

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## PETER ROBINSON'S ANNUAL SUMMER SALE

NOW PROCEEDING, AT REDUCED PRICES,

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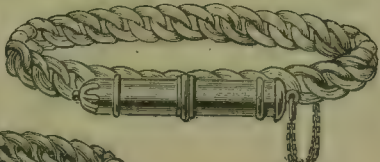
For Ladies' Column see page 158; Wills and Bequests, page 160; Obituary, page 162.

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Best Quality Gold Curb Pencil Bracelet, £3 12s.



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## THE LADIES' COLUMN.

The last week of July is always a time when Hymen is the ruling deity of London society. The marriages that have been made up in the season are brought to completion, so that the wedded pair may go off together in the general exodus from the heat and oppression of town. This year, however, the god of weddings has been more than ever in the ascendant. There have been an unusual number of private matches, the result of the social activity of a singularly brilliant season; and, in addition, the wedding of Princess Louise of Wales, and the golden weddings of Mr. Gladstone and the Bishop of Bath and Wells, have come to make of the end of this season a perfect matrimonial festival. Nothing has been talked of but marrying and giving in marriage. The orange-blossoms freshly blooming on the heads of the bright young girl, and those drawn forth by the older couples from the hidden recesses where memory had cherished them for fifty years, have scented the air. There was a poetry and appropriateness in this fortuitous conjunction of the Royal celebration with the golden one of the elder couples. The bride might be happy to glance through the mist of her own inevitable half-shed tears to the aged husbands and wives proclaiming that after half a century their wedded love still sheds joy on their lives.

Marriage is, indeed, a risk so great, a change so complete in the conditions of life, that she would be a shallow-minded girl who stepped lightly and fearlessly towards it. The thoughtful maiden, leaving long-trying affection and familiar scenes even for the man of her choice, cannot but feel how serious is the moment. The brief wedding ceremony gives her a new relation, and one who will have a power over her fate and a nearness to her whole existence that belongs to no relative of blood. To marry wisely, how much should be known and thought about! It is not only a question of position and of character, it is one also of tendencies for the future. The man of to-morrow is not as the man of to-day. New ancestral tendencies will arouse by degrees in him. What does the bride know of the bridegroom's grandfathers? But as at five-and-twenty he suffers from his maternal grandfather's headaches, and at fifty will limp with the gout inherited from his other grandfather, so the generous, free-handed youth may become the skinflint of middle-life; or the serious man of business at thirty may be restless and speculative at fifty, for exactly the same reason. He is the one and the other because at different ages the various hereditary strains in him get increased or diminished power over him; and no dead-and-buried early friend can be more diverse from a living acquaintance than many a middle-aged man is from the youth that he himself once was.

Well, one marries the youth; and then the middle-aged man has to be reckoned with in course of time; and then old age, with new tendencies and tempers, comes on. Ay, and the bride changes too! She becomes the mother, the house-mistress: perhaps absorbed in matronly cares, dull and ill-dressed; or perhaps the elderly flirt and useles gadabout, for whom her own growing sons and daughters blush; and the man who married her for better or worse is amazed when he looks back on what he hoped and expected of her and contrasts it with what is. What a risk, to form a union of choice to last through all the changes of life! When one looks at it calmly and in the philosophical distance, one is amazed that men and women ever have the courage to marry at all!

But then is the time to turn towards the happy old couples celebrating their golden wedding. See them looking back over

a life which has had its cares and its disagreeables as a matter of course, but which, after all, has owed much of its preponderating joy to the fortunate marriage of fifty years ago, the love of offspring, the refuge of home, the sympathy of the common fate. The charm is felt, with the couple still active and able to take their own share in life, yet surrounded by children and grandchildren ready in case of need to bear the elders' burdens, and in any case rejoicing the parents' hearts by a glad tribute of admiring respect and love. Yet perhaps more the blessing of the natural lot is seen where either husband or wife has fallen beneath the infirmities of age, and receives much-needed tendance and cherishing care from the stronger partner and from dutiful children. When this is contrasted with the lonely old age after the emotionally unsatisfied, unsocial life of the celibate, then, indeed, the risk appears worth while, and one decks one's own dear girls for the altar with a good heart. One feels that a rather unhappy marriage is better than the most prosperous single career possible; while a fortunate family life is the greatest support and comfort allowed to man in his progress through a sphere of sorrow. The marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone has been fortunate in sympathy of ideas, in the love of their children, in health and prosperity. They were rarely snited, and congratulations to them come readily from their friends' lips.

Princess Louise of Wales has had a nice trousseau, though much smaller, as I mentioned last week, than that of the elder Royal Princesses. Princess Beatrice, for instance, had nearly a hundred pairs of boots and shoes of one kind and another, while the present bride has only a fifth of the number—and plenty too. A very sensible plan adopted by the Princess of Wales has been to give her daughter a number of pieces of dress material, to be made up as required. Fashions change so rapidly now-a-days that to have too many gowns in a trousseau is simply waste. The Princess, in ordering dresses to be made for the bride by her Dublin modiste, Mrs. Sims, ordered also quite a large quantity of Irish poplin from the many superb patterns sent over for choice. Among them is some of the McDuff tartan, that of the Duke of Fife's clan, which shows particularly well in the fine strong corded silk that Irish poplin looks to be. It really has woven with it a mixture of wool, which makes it much more lasting in wear than ordinary silk; but in appearance it is quite silky.

It is kind of the Princess of Wales to have had both gowns and underlinen made in Ireland; but it is simple justice to the sister island to add that the garments are as beautiful in design and workmanship as it is possible for them to be. The dresses are really superb.

An exquisite evening gown is of crimson Irish poplin, made with a long train, the skirt front having straight drapings of cardinal crêpe de Chine, the marvov folds of this soft and graceful fabric being separated by wide bands of Irish point lace. The bodice has a stomacher of lace, and drapings by way of berth of lace and crêpe, in which the magnificent diamonds that the Princess now possesses may be placed with fine effect. Another of Mrs. Sims's gowns is silver brocading on a ground of that delicate pale green with yellow "high lights" in its folds that is known as "Chaireuse." The material is satin: the back has a long train, and the front is of accordion pleats of Chaireuse-coloured crêpe, edged with bands of silver embroidery.

A less magnificent gown, but exquisitely beautiful, is of shaded pink—that dead tone of pink called "old rose" the leading shade—with a front of puffings of pink crêpe de Chine, each edged with a rever of pink broché, while the puffings

are at once adorned and held in place by ornaments shaped like sprays of flowers in pink crystal passementerie. This is a trained gown, with V-shaped bodice. A short "dancing" frock is of white satin and pearl-beaded net, the back being of the net, covered with a striped moiré and satin sash, and the front in three wide panels of satin, embroidered in stars with pearls. A magnificent opera mantle to go with these gowns is of white silk, brocaded with a mixture of silver and gold threads, lined with pale-blue plush to make it snug, and trimmed with white uncut ostrich feather.

Another magnificent mantle has been made to her Majesty's order by Mr. White, of Regent-street, out of one of the Queen's famous Indian shawls. It is not the Queen's only gift to her granddaughter, but, made up with royal-blue velvet, short at the back with long ends, it is a truly regal garment, fit for a monarch's gift.

Tailor-made dresses from Redfern are, of course, included. A smart tweed dress for the moors amid which the bride's Highland home is placed, is made in very rough brown tweed. The skirt is devoid of drapery, only having two small plaits round the hips. The bodice is a round basque, and made with Norfolk plaits. A double-breasted, tight-fitting coat, with a fall collar and lapel, open, of course, at the neck, is worn over. Another one is in a very stylish brown check thick tweed, the skirt made quite plain. The bodice is loose-fronted, over a vest of tan-coloured cloth high to the throat. Another coat to be worn with this is single-breasted, and has a high collar. A shooting coat is in tweed, bound with leather.

The fashionable dressmaker Madame Elise (whose daughter, with a great fortune, married "into the Peerage") has had the honour of making the wedding dress and a number of other magnificent evening gowns. Among these is a conspicuously plain white moiré, intended to be worn with scarves of the McDuff tartan at gatherings of the clan. Various garments showing the same pattern have also been ordered in the tailor-made style from the great Scotch house in London, Scott Adie's; so the Royal bride intends thoroughly to identify herself with her husband's people.

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

Among the wedding-gifts to Princess Louise of Wales, on her marriage to the Duke of Fife, which are represented in our illustrations, is one from 190 of the Royal "warrant-holders" on the estates of the Duchy of Cornwall, under the Prince of Wales. It consists of a diamond bangle, for which there is a silver casket, both manufactured by Messrs Garrards, of the Haymarket, and costing nearly £1000. Mr. Sidney Davies, of 19, Hanover-street, acted as hon. secretary to the committee for the presentation fund, which is the first instance on the part of the warrant-holders.

A visit was recently made to Morley House Convalescent Home for Working Men by a large party, including the Earl of Aberdeen, the Lady Mayoress, Mr. Sheriff Newton, Mr. Donald Whitehead, the son of the Lord Mayor, and a number of other ladies and gentlemen. This admirable institution is named in memory of the eminent philanthropist who did so much to promote thrift and independence among the working classes. As its name implies, the institution offers a home to working men recovering from illness or accident, but who, in order that they may be well fitted for a return to work, need a week or two of country air and rest and nourishing food. The home stands in seven acres of land within a short distance of the cliffs overlooking St. Margaret's Bay, about four or five miles from Dover.

# IS THE FALL OF ENGLAND'S GREATNESS NEAR AT HAND?



## WELLINGTON AT WATERLOO!

### WHAT WAS WELLINGTON'S IDEAL OF THIS LIFE?

To Dare Nobly, to Will Strongly, and Never Hesitate in the sublime devotion to DUTY!!!

When Wellington rode into one of his infantry squares at Waterloo, as its diminished numbers closed up to receive a charge of French Cavalry, he said to his men, "Stand steady, lads; think what they will say of us in England;" to which they replied, "Never fear, Sir,

### "WE KNOW OUR DUTY."

*When the Spirit of Duty has departed, or become deadened, or supplanted by a selfish vanity of power, or aggrandisement, &c., then the Fall of England's Greatness is near at hand, BUT NOT UNTIL THEN!*

### SHAKESPEARE AND DUTY—

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,  
And we shall shock them. Naught shall make us rue,  
If England to itself do rest but true."

### THE PIVOT OF DUTY—STERLING HONESTY OF PURPOSE; WITHOUT IT LIFE IS A SHAM!

What Higher Duty can Man attain, than Conquest over Human Pain?

**IN THE BATTLE OF THIS LIFE ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"** is an imperative hygienic need, or necessary adjunct. It keeps the blood pure, prevents fevers, and cures acute inflammatory diseases, and removes the injurious effects of stimulants, narcotics, such as alcohol, tobacco, tea, coffee, by natural means; thus restores the nervous system to its normal condition, by preventing the great danger of poisoned blood and over-cerebral activity, sleeplessness, irritability, worry, &c.

**SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHER SALINES.**—"Dear Sir,—Having taken your 'FRUIT SALT' many years, I think it right to tell you that I consider it a most invaluable medicine, and far superior to all other saline mixtures. I am never without a bottle of it in the house, it possesses three most desirable qualities—pleasant to the taste, promptly efficacious, and leaves no unpleasant after-effects.—A DEVONSHIRE LADY. Jan. 25, 1889."

### SUGAR, PINK OR CHEMICALLY COLOURED SHERBET.

EXPERIENCE shows that Sugar, Pink or Chemically Coloured Sherbet, Mild Ales, Port Wine, Dark Sherries, Sweet Champagne, Liqueurs, and Brandy are all very apt to disagree; while Light Wines, and Gin or Old Whisky largely diluted with Soda Water, will be found the least objectionable. ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" is peculiarly adapted for any constitutional weakness of the liver. It possesses the power of reparation where digestion has been disturbed or lost, and places the invalid on the right track to health.

### HOW KANDAHAR WAS WON.

"During the Afghan War we were before Kandahar, and had been reconnoitring the enemy's position with Colonel M—'s splendid cavalry regiment, when, to our merriment, the Colonel produced a bottle of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' 'Take,' he said, 'an old soldier's advice; so, to please him, we did. We emptied the bottle. And Colonel M— gave another bottle to P—'s men. We certainly slept soundly that night, and awoke fresh as paint. Two days afterwards the Colonel said at mess, 'You fellows laughed at me about ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT,' but it was mainly through that stuff I gave you you did such splendid deeds that day. Personally,' said the Colonel, 'I never felt better, and so do the officers of my regiment, and we were ready to encounter half-a-dozen Ayobabs.' After that the Colonel was always called 'Old Eno.'"

From "MESS STORIES," by PROTEUS, pp. 126, 127, published by Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co., Stationers' Hall-court, 1889.

CAUTION.—Examine each Bottle, and see that the capsule is marked "ENO'S FRUIT SALT." Without it you have been imposed on by a worthless imitation. Sold by all Chemists.

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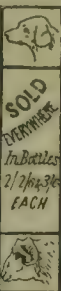
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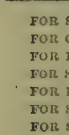
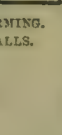
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FOR OVER-REACHES, CHAPPED HEELS, WIND GALLS.  
FOR RHEUMATISM IN HORSES.  
FOR SORE THROATS AND INFLUENZA.  
FOR BROKEN KNEES, BRUISES, CAPPED HOCKS.  
FOR SORE SHOULDERS, SORE BACKS.  
FOR SPRAINS, CUTS, BRUISES IN DOGS.

"But especially for sore throats, and when used with  
a bandage as a mild blister."  
J. BELLAMY,  
Master of the Isle of Wight Hounds.

**ELLIMAN'S ROYAL EMBROCATION.**  
Sold by Chemists and Saddlers. Price 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d.  
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Restores Grey or White Hair to its ORIGINAL  
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Being delicately perfumed, it leaves no unpleasant  
odour.  
Is NOT a dye, and therefore does not stain the skin,  
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Should be in every house where a HAIR RENEWER  
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Prevents the decay of the TEETH.  
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Is partly composed of Honey, and extracts from  
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Pretty BROOCH, with Crystals or Pearl  
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These Magnificent Stones are set  
in GOLD HALL-MARKED, and  
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defy the BEST JEWELLERS to tell  
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WORTH TWENTY GUINEAS.  
The Stones being real Crystals, and  
splendidly faceted. They will resist  
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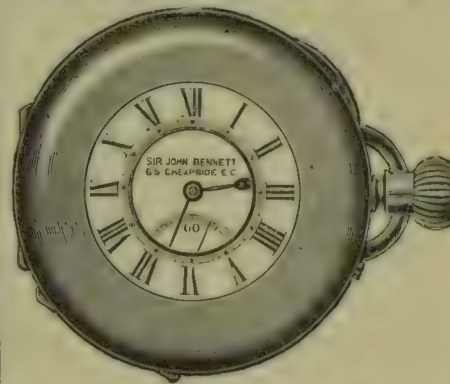
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### WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The testamentary dispositions of the Princess Marie Elizabeth Caroline Amalie of Baden, Dowager Duchess of Hamilton, late of the Palais Stephanie, Baden-Baden, who died on Oct. 17, was proved on July 23 by James Auldjo Jamieson, the lawful attorney of his Highness Carl Egon, Prince Zu Furstenberg, the executor, the value of the personal estate in this country being £6452 13s. 10d. The testatrix gives the "Swiss Cottage" at Baden to her son the Duke of Hamilton; her estate Maria Holden, near Rorschach, Canton of St. Gall, to her grandson, the Prince of Monaco, but subject to the life interest of her daughter, Countess Tassilo Fèstetics; legacies to servants, and gifts of pictures, jewels, and articles of vertu to her relatives and friends. The residue of her property in England, Germany, Switzerland, and France she leaves to her daughter, Countess Fèstetics.

The will (dated Sept. 17, 1888) of Mr. Edward M'Murdo, late of No. 48, Charles-street, Berkeley-square, who died on May 8, was proved on July 23 by Mrs. Katharine M'Murdo, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £395,000. The testator gives all his real and personal estate to his wife, absolutely.

The will (dated April 19, 1889) of Mr. Simon Davey, late of Tucking Mill, Cornwall, and Rouen, France, who died on April 29, was proved on July 18 by Charles Isaac André Harlé, the son-in-law, and Francis Robert Simon Davey, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £96,000. The testator gives 1000 £20 shares in Messrs. Bickford, Smith, and Co., Ltd., to his son Eugene Henri Davey; and 200 similar shares to his son Francis Robert Simon Davey. The residue of his property in England he leaves, as to one half thereof, to his wife, Mrs. Jeanne Augustine Emma Davey, and one quarter each to his son Francis and his daughter, Mrs. Alice Harlé.

The will (dated March 29, 1887) of Dame Elizabeth Dashwood, late of West Wycombe Park, Bucks, and No. 49, Grosvenor-square, widow, who died on May 24, was proved on July 18 by Major John Maddy Moore Hewitt, Arthur Magniac, and Henry George Fane, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £67,000. The testatrix gives £1000 to John George Johnson; £1000 and some diamonds to Lady Roberta Dashwood; £5000 each to the Rev. Arthur Brinckman, Mrs. Jervis, and the Rev. St. Vincent Ricketts; £5000, upon trust, for her niece, Mrs. Charlotte Elizabeth Philpotts; £50 each to the poor of High Wycombe and West Wycombe; £10 each to the poor of Saunderton, Iwer, Bradenham, and Stokenchurch; her house in Grosvenor-square to her nephew, Sir Theodore Henry Brinckman; £200 to each executor; and legacies to her servants and others. She leaves all her real

estate and the residue of her personal estate to her nephew George Henry Fane.

The will (dated Dec. 29, 1887), with two codicils (dated Nov. 1, 1888, and May 3, 1889), of Mrs. Mary Agnes Drake, late of No. 89, Eaton-square, and Breakspears, Uxbridge, widow, who died on May 30, was proved on July 20 by John Child and Henry Edward Burgess, the executors, the value of the personal estate being sworn to exceed £63,000. The testatrix bequeaths £15,000 to the children (except the eldest child) of her brother, George Henry Powell; £100 to her godson, Wickham Spearman; £150 each to the Misses Thornhill; and other legacies. She gives and devises her estates at Deptford, Cranfield, Garsington, and that called "Breakspears," to Alfred Henry Tarleton, but charged with the payment of £900 per annum to Mary Frances Lloyd, and with the payment of certain legacies and duties; and her house, No. 89, Eaton-square, with the contents (except plate and plated goods) to Thomas Harcourt Powell. The residue of her property she leaves to Thomas Harcourt Powell.

The will (dated March 23, 1882), with five codicils (dated April 1, 1882; Oct. 23, 1884; June 17, 1886; Nov. 27, 1887; and May 16, 1888), of Mr. Thomas Hackwood, formerly of Little Haywood, near Colwich, Staffordshire, and late of Knockholt Lodge, Sydenham, who died on June 3, was proved on July 19 by George Frank Paddock, Miss Charlotte Augusta Rutland, and Edward Saunders, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £57,000. The testator gives £200 each to Williams's National Home for Destitute Children, the Protestant Blind Pension Society, the North Staffordshire Infirmary, and Dr. Barnardo's East-End Mission; £50 to the Hanley General Ragged School; a sum, not to exceed £800, to the National Life-Boat Institution for a boat and boat-house, to be called the Caroline and Thomas; £6000 to his grandson, Albert Edward Bowen; £6000, upon trust, for his granddaughter, Emily Constance Saunders; £1000 each to his nephew Elizabeth Jones, his niece Mrs. Sargeant, Mary Ann Hackwood, Mary Morris Hackwood, Isabel Hackwood, his sister, Martha Pierce, and his niece Mary Pierce; £8000 to Charlotte Augusta Rutland; £100 to each executor; and £3000 to Edward Saunders and £500 to each of his six children. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves between his grandchildren, Albert Edward Bowen and Emily Constance Saunders, in equal shares.

The will (dated May 1, 1889), with a codicil (dated May 7, 1889), of Mr. Joseph Boyer, late of No. 20, Cromwell-road, West Brighton, Sussex, who died on June 8, was proved on July 17 by Mrs. Louisa Elizabeth Boyer, the widow, and the Rev. John Plummer Boyer, and Frank Burton Boyer, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £55,000.

The testator gives £500, his jewels, and considerable stores, the use of his house, with the furniture and contents, and the interest of £12,600 North-Eastern Railway stock and £4000 to his wife, for life; on her decease the house, with the furniture, &c., and the two sums of £12,600 and £4000 are to be divided between his four sons, the Rev. John Plummer Boyer, Frank Burton Boyer, Thomas Charge Boyer, and Charles Edward Pochin Boyer. He devises his real estate in Yorkshire, together with certain rent charges, conditionally, to his son Thomas Charge Boyer. The residue of his property he leaves to his sons, the Rev. John Plummer Boyer, Frank Burton Boyer, and Charles Edward Pochin Boyer.

The will (dated May 4, 1888) of Mr. Charles John Eley, late of No. 30, Trafalgar-square, Brompton, who died on June 24, was proved on July 19 by Edward Eley, the brother, Francis House Coleman, and Joseph George Wyly, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £30,000. The testator gives £200 each to Charles Frederick Rowsell, Francis House Coleman, and Joseph George Wyly; an annuity of £200 to his brother, Edward Eley; £500 to the Society for the Liberation of Religion from State Patronage and Control; £500 to the National Life-Boat Institution; and £200 to the Cremation Society of England. The residue of his property he leaves to his brother, Edward Eley. He also leaves directions for the cremation of his body.

The will of the Right Hon. Dowager Baroness Henniker, late of No. 6, Grafton-street, Bond-street, who died on May 10, was proved on July 23 by the Hon. Mary Henniker-Major and the Hon. Anne Helen Henuiker-Major, the daughters and executrixes, the value of the personal estate being £3923 9s. 9d.

Distributing prizes to the students of the Nottingham High School, Mr. Mundella said nothing had been more meretricious in the past than the boarding-school education of the middle-class girls in England; and while elementary education was making gigantic strides and improving in quality every year, intermediate education remained in a state of comparative chaos, without organisation or supervision. It was the present duty of the State to provide secondary education that should be sufficient, efficient, and suitable.

A new departure in Freemasonry occurred on July 27 by the consecration of a lodge intended for the convenience of Scotchmen resident in London. The new lodge, for which the warrant was granted by the Prince of Wales, is designated the Scots Lodge, and is numbered 2319 on the register of Grand Lodge of England. The ceremony of consecration and dedication was performed at the Scottish Corporation Hall, Crane-court. The Earl of Euston, Provincial Grand Master of Northants and Hunts, was installed First Master of the lodge.

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compound. It is the Best Dusting-Powder for Infants.

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OBITUARY.

SIR G. R. CLERK.

Sir George Russell Clerk, K.C.B., G.C.S.I., whose death occurred on July 25 at his residence, 33, Elm Park-gardens, S.W., was the eldest son of Mr. John Clerk, of Worting House, Hampshire, by the daughter and co-heiress of Mr. Carew Mildmay, of Shawford House, in the same county. He was born at Worting House in 1800, and educated at Haileybury College, and he entered the service of the East India Company in 1818. In 1830 he was made Political Agent on the Bengal frontier; and he became in succession British Envoy at Lahore, Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Provinces, and Governor of Bombay. This last office he resigned in 1847. Returning to England, he was created a K.C.B. in 1848, and was offered the Governorship of the Cape of Good Hope, which he declined, though he undertook the duties of a Commissioner for settling the boundary question then in dispute in the colony. In 1856 he was nominated Permanent Under-Secretary to the India Board, on the reconstruction of our Indian Administration, and in 1858 he became Under-Secretary of State for India. In April, 1860, he was again nominated to the Governorship of Bombay, but he resigned in consequence of ill-health in 1861, and was appointed a member of her Majesty's India Council in December, 1863, holding the latter appointment until 1876. On the establishment of the Order of the Star of India in 1861, he was one of the first-created Knights of the Order, and on its extension in 1866 he was nominated a Knight Grand Cross. Sir George Clerk married, in 1832, the widow of Colonel Stewart. She died in 1878.

We have also to record the deaths of—

The Dowager Lady Dunbar (Ann), widow of the Rev. Sir William Dunbar, Bart., on July 21, at her residence, 5, Downshire-hill.

General Henry William Breton, on July 21, at his residence, 48, Rutland-gate, S.W., in his ninety-first year. He entered the Army seventy years ago, and became General in 1869, and Colonel Essex Regiment in 1860.

Lady Charlotte Maria Pepys, eldest daughter of Charles, first Earl of Cottenham, Lord Chancellor of England, and sister of the second and third Earls, on July 11, at sea, off Cape Sacratif, in her sixty-eighth year. She was the author of various works.

Mr. Thomas Irwin Barstow, for many years one of the presiding Magistrates at the Clerkenwell Police-Court, on July 22, at his residence at Elstree. He resigned his position only last April, owing to failing health. Mr. Barstow was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple in 1845.

Mr. Ronald Leveson-Gower, Lieutenantant Warwickshire Yeomanry Cavalry, on July 21, at No. 32, Bryanston-square, aged twenty-five. He was the eldest son of Mr. Granville William Leveson-Gower, of Titsey Place, Surrey, D.L., by the Hon. Sophia Leigh, his wife, daughter of the first Lord Leigh.

Lieutenant-General Ponsonby Watts, a distinguished officer of the Indian Army, at Colchester, on July 24, from congestion of the lungs, resulting from a chill received while witnessing a cricket-match. The deceased officer resided at Southsea, but was staying at Colchester on a visit to his eldest son, a Major in the Royal Irish Regiment. He was sixty-nine years of age.

Mr. Bryan Burrell, of Broomepark, in the county of Northumberland, J.P., late Major 15th Hussars, on July 20, aged fifty. He was the eldest son of the late Mr. Bryan Burrell, of Broomepark, J.P. and D.L., and was married in 1874 to Jane

Collingwood, fourth daughter of Major Alexander Browne, of Doxford Hall, Northumberland. The Burrells have resided at Broomepark for nearly two hundred years.

Sir Francis Ottiwell Adams, who was British Minister Plenipotentiary to Switzerland from 1881 to 1888, suddenly at Grindelwald on July 20, in his sixty-fourth year. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, graduated in honours in 1848, was called to the Bar in 1852, and entered the diplomatic service in 1854. He served at Stockholm, St. Petersburg, Paris, Washington, Japan, and Berlin. Mr. Adams, during his residence at Berne, acted as British Delegate to the International Copyright Conferences, and signed the Convention in 1886. He was knighted in the same year.

Two inter-county cricket matches were brought to a conclusion on July 30. At the Oval Surrey beat Sussex by an innings and eighty-four runs; and at Derby, Notts obtained a one-innings victory over the home team with twenty-six runs to spare.

Between April 1 and July 27 the total receipts into the Exchequer amounted to £25,894,186, as compared with £26,321,246 in the corresponding period of the last financial year, and the expenditure to £29,885,174, as against £30,688,018. On Saturday, July 27, the Treasury balances stood at £1,589,334, and the same date last year at £1,416,247.

A Bluebook has been issued containing the report of the Inspectors of Irish Fisheries on the Sea and Inland Fisheries of Ireland for 1888. The report shows that during the year there were 5828 registered fishing-vessels, with crews consisting of 21,003 men and 798 boys. There were also a great number of boats engaged in fishing, particularly on the west coast, which are not registered. The total mackerel take of the year realised to the fishermen about £129,084. The total capture of herrings during the season was 132,277 cwt. The oyster fisheries show little sign of improvement, and there are no returns of the quantity of oysters taken from the licensed beds. The general state of the salmon-fishing during the year was fair.

The opening day at Goodwood was favoured with glorious weather. The course, too, was in capital order, and the beautiful park looked at its very best when racing commenced. The Royal party included the Prince and Princess of Wales, Princesses Victoria and Maud, the Duke of Cambridge, the Hereditary Prince of Hohenlohe, and Prince Soltysky. Among the other distinguished guests of the Duke of Richmond at Goodwood House were the Duke and Duchess of Portland, the Duke of Beaufort, Earl and Countess Cadogan, Earl and Countess Howe, Lord and Lady Hastings, Lord Alington and the Hon. Mrs. Sturt, Lord Calthorpe, Lord Penrhyn, Lord Bingham, Colonel the Hon. Oliver Montagu, the Hon. H. Tyrwhitt Wilson, the Hon. Arthur Walsh, the Hon. J. Baring, Sir Frederick Johnstone, Sir John Astley, Mr. Mackenzie, the Right Hon. James Lowther, and the Right Hon. Henry Chaplin. Lady Emily Kingscote and General Ellis were in waiting on the Prince and Princess of Wales. The general attendance was larger than has been seen for several years. Sir R. Jardine won the Craven Stakes with Stronvar, Captain Machell the Halmaker Stakes with Rathbeal, Mr. A. James the Stewards' Cup with Dog Rose, Mr. E. W. Baird the Richmond Stakes with Golden Gate, the Duke of Portland the March Stakes with Elsie, Mr. Best the Charlton Welter Handicap with Golden Crown, Mr. H. Milner the Ham Stakes with Riviera, and Mr. D. Baird the Gratwicke Stakes with El Dorado.

THE BRITISH ARCHÆOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

The British Archæological Association opened its summer congress at Lincoln on July 29, under the presidency of the Earl of Winchelsea and Nottingham. The council, secretary, and members of the association were first publicly welcomed by the Mayor and Corporation, and the party, to the number of about 120, were afterwards entertained at luncheon. The Mayor proposed "The Health of Lord Winchelsea and Prosperity to the British Archæological Association." Lord Winchelsea, in replying, delivered an eloquent address, in which he dwelt with pride, as a Lincolnshire man, on the conspicuous part which Lincoln had played in the history of England; how it had been the headquarters of the Roman Legions and of Roman civilisation and commerce in the east of England; how, after the Conquest, English Kings had made it their home, while English saints had founded sacred buildings within its walls. He paid a high tribute to such societies as the British Archæological for cultivating in this age of utilitarian progress a taste for antiquity. The Bishop of Lincoln also spoke to the same effect. At the conclusion of the luncheon the members of the congress accompanied the Bishop of Nottingham on a tour of inspection round some of the churches in the southern suburb of the city, including St. Peter at Gowts, St. Mary Le Wigford, the hall of St. Mary's Guild, and the old high bridge just below the Stonebow. In the evening the company dined at the Great Northern Hotel under the presidency of Lord Winchelsea.—On July 30 the members spent a very pleasant day in continuing their exploration of the castle, the cathedral, the churches, and the venerable antiquities in which the city of Lincoln abounds. Several papers were read at the evening meeting, which was held at the rooms of the School of Science and Art in Monk's-road.

Mr. Stephen Henry West, of the Inner Temple, has been appointed a revising barrister on the North-Eastern Circuit, in the place of Mr. E. Wilberforce, who was recently appointed a Master of the Queen's Bench Division of the High Court of Justice.

The reception of Prince Henry of Battenberg as Governor of the Isle of Wight took place on July 29. His Royal Highness was accompanied by Princess Beatrice, and the proceedings throughout were of a most enthusiastic character. The Prince was entertained at a luncheon, at which Sir Richard Webster presided, and the company included representatives of all the public bodies in the island. In responding to the toast of his health, Prince Henry said he valued most highly the honour conferred upon him by the Queen, and in all ways that might be open to him he would concentrate his best endeavours upon the furtherance of the wellbeing of the Isle of Wight.

In Westminster Abbey the preachers for August are—Sunday, 4th, at ten a.m., the Rev. J. H. Cheadle, Minor Canon; Sunday, 11th, at ten a.m., the Rev. F. L. Boyd, Vicar of Teddington. Sunday, 18th, at ten a.m., the Rev. G. A. Lefroy, head of Cambridge Missions to Delhi, in connection with S.P.G. Sunday, 25th, at ten a.m., the Rev. F. B. Westcott, Assistant Master of Rugby; the Rev. Dr. Westcott, Canon in residence, preacher in the afternoons at three. Canon Westcott's subjects will be on "Some Traits of Christian Character"—viz., "Reverence," "Tenderness," "Sympathy," "Watchfulness." Westminster Abbey will be closed on Sunday evenings until Advent. On Sunday night, July 28, the "Popular Services" in the nave were brought to a conclusion by a hearty rendering of the "Hallelujah Chorus." Bishop Barry, formerly Primate of Australia, preached the sermon.

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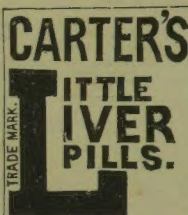


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OBESITY easily, pleasantly, and certainly cured, without hardship or nauseating drugs.

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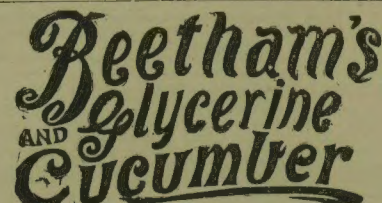
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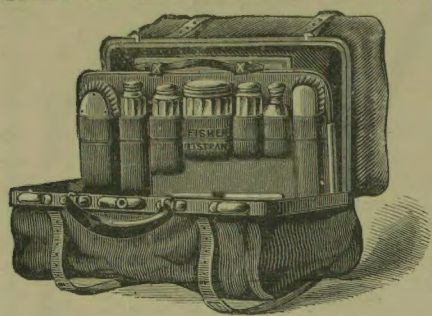
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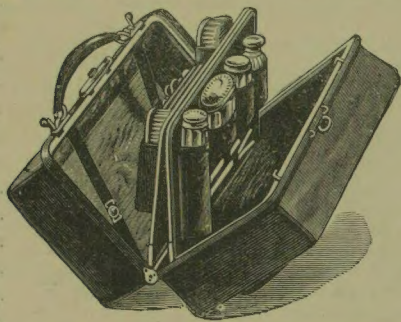
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## DEFRIES SAFETY STOVES.

NOTICE.—A MARVELLOUS INVENTION.

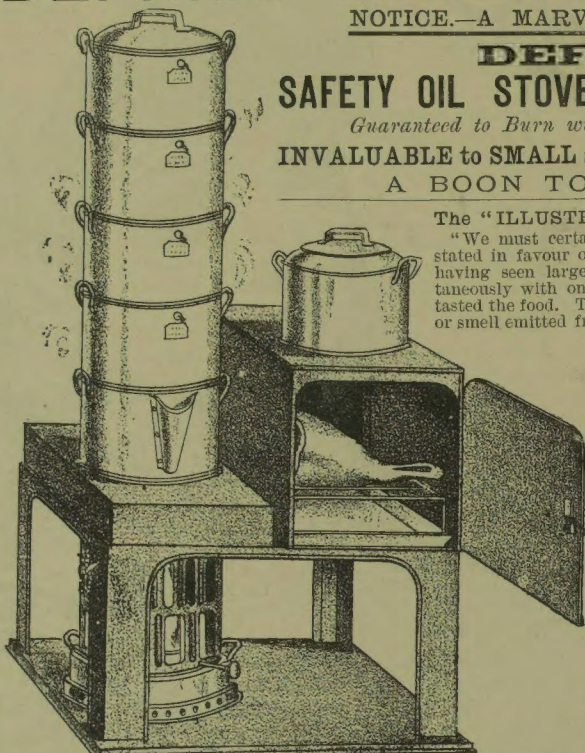
### DEFRIES

SAFETY OIL STOVES AND KITCHENERS.

Guaranteed to Burn without SMELL or SMOKE.

INVALUABLE to SMALL and LARGE HOUSEKEEPERS.

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For every Description of Cooking and Heating.

Defries Stove Oil, in 10 gallon drums, 8d. per gallon.

KITCHENER No. 8 will cook a dinner for 16 persons in 2 hours.

KITCHENER No. 6.—Fitted with Enamelled Iron Drip-pan. To be used with one second size Stove having one flame.

Size of Oven above grid 13½ in. deep, 10 in. wide, 7½ in. high (above grid). PRICE:—Kitcheners and Stand, made in Enamel Black Iron, requiring no cleaning, 37s. 6d.; Second size Stove, 21s. 0d.; 9 in. Steamer and Four Cookers, 13s. 6d.; 9 in. Saucepan, 2s. 6d. This Kitchener will roast a large joint, steam Three Courses, Two Vegetables, and heat Half-a-gallon of Water for washing up, prepare sauces, &c., simultaneously in Two Hours. Suitable for a family of four to eight people.

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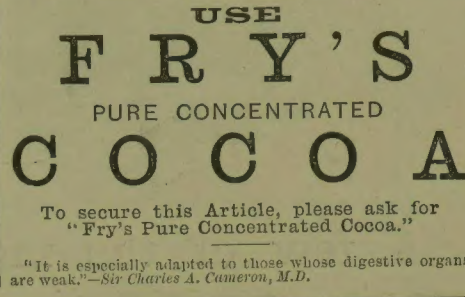
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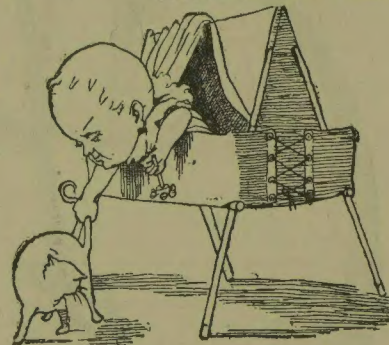
"Distil" Coffee is a concentrated Extract in which the fine flavours, true aroma, and stimulating properties—so valuable in freshly-roasted Coffee Berries—are preserved and permanently retained, providing a superb article of diet.

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"Here is my bed." "Sleep give thee all his rest." MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.



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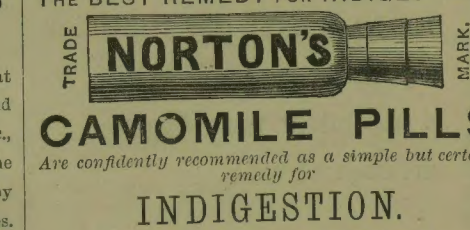
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